

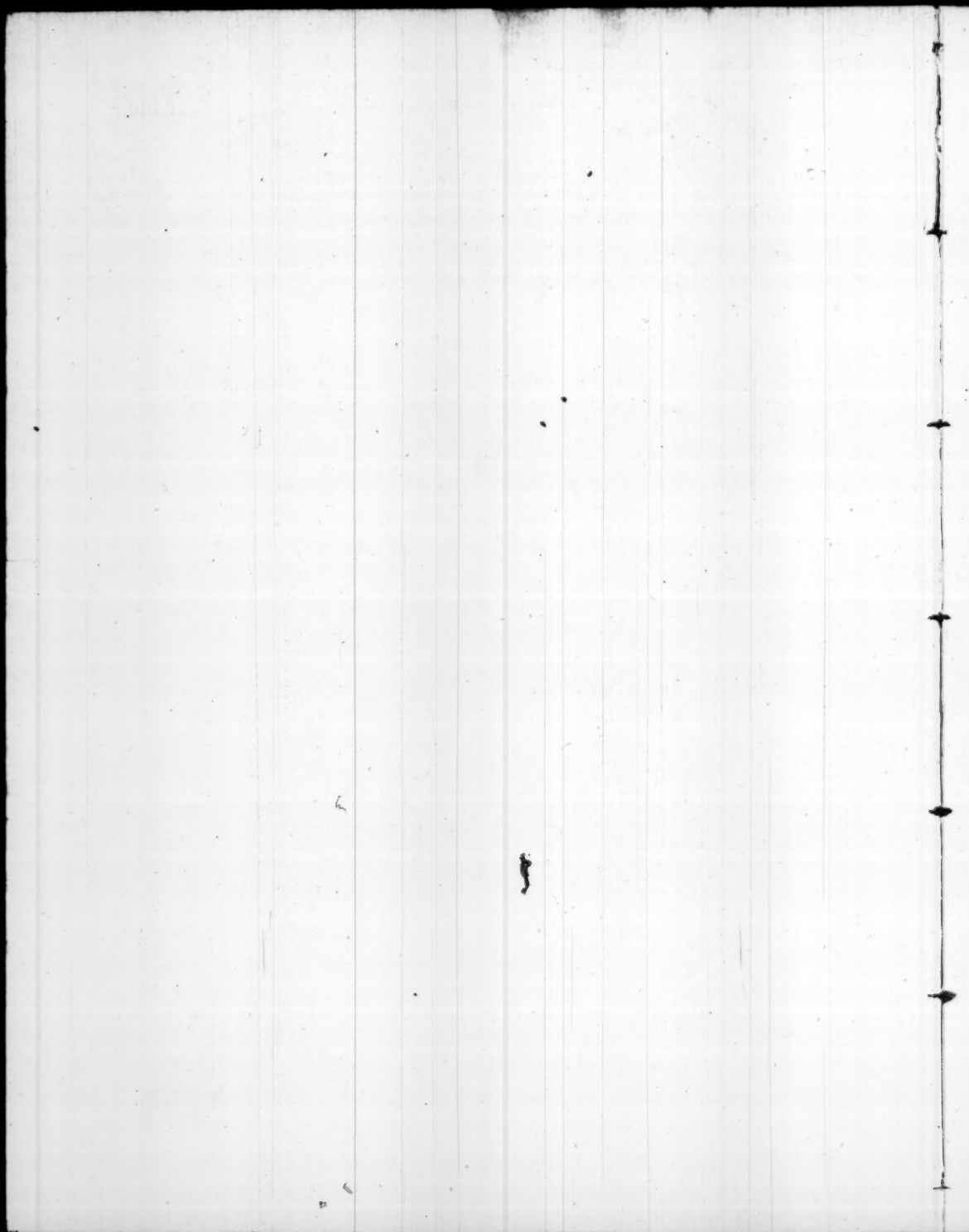
*Altered
&
Perfect.
17th 1798.*

A
Fatal Mistake;
Or, The
PLOT Spoil'd;
A
PLAY,

Written by *Jos. Hayns.*

LONDON,

Printed for Sam. Briscoe in Covent-Garden,
and Sold by *Eliz. Whitlock,* near
Stationers-Hall, 1696.



TO THE
READER.

After so many Years treading the Stage,
where both in my acting and capering
Days (to my Vanity be it spoken)
I made no inconsiderable Figure; I come at
last to visit the Publick in another of my no
less known Capacities, viz. Poetry; and ac-
cordingly have turn'd this little Off-spring, this
natural Brat of mine, out into the wide
World. I confess, indeed, my Talent this
way never made any larger Appearance be-
fore, than a Prologue, a Lampoon, a Sonnet
or Madrigal, or some such shorter Poetical
Fragment; and when I launch out into so
Voluminous a Piece, as a whole Play, you
may believe that my leisure for so tedious a
A 2 scribble,

To the Reader.

scribe, proceeds from no common Cause. A dull World, want of Business, and much Idleness, with not overstockt a Pocket, you see, Gentlemen, may do much. But now, after exposing (to use Ben Johnson's Title) my Works in Print, what success I am like to meet, now hang me, as great a Fortune-Teller as I have been, all my Prognosticks can no more foretell, than Lily (with Reverence be it spoken) could divine who shit at his Door. My Fate lies in your Hands, and so e'en much good may't do the bold Adventurer, the Bookseller. If it finds your favourable Reception, he has his Point, and I my Wish.

But perhaps some over-curious Querists now may ask me, with what Confidence, in the Devil's Name, I durst write a Play. Confidence, say they! I suppose they don't know me that ask that Question: However to satisfy any such inquisitive Gentlemen, in troth I have Acted Mr. Bays so often, and so feelingly, that I could not possibly forbear

To the Reader.

bear copying after so fair an Original. And now if my other Brothers of the Quill picque at me for it, I do not much matter : but if I incur your hard Censure, trust me, Gentlemen, I set so high a Value upon your Favours, that I protest if my Play displease you, and you shall think fit to exclude me from the Muses, as the Players have done from the Stage, it will certainly put me to the charge of a new Recantation to recover your good Graces.

Well, but if I must write a Play, How comes it that I begin my Dramatick Writing no sooner? And make my first Essay at these elderly Tears upon my Back, this Fumbling Age of Poetry (as a Reverend elder Brother has it?) Why truly, as old Dr. Jasper said of his Maiden-head, I was very unwilling to die in Ignorance, and therefore resolv'd to take one Touch before I left the World. And this Production therefore being my very Virgin Issue, as such I recommend it to your kind Protection.

And

To the Reader.

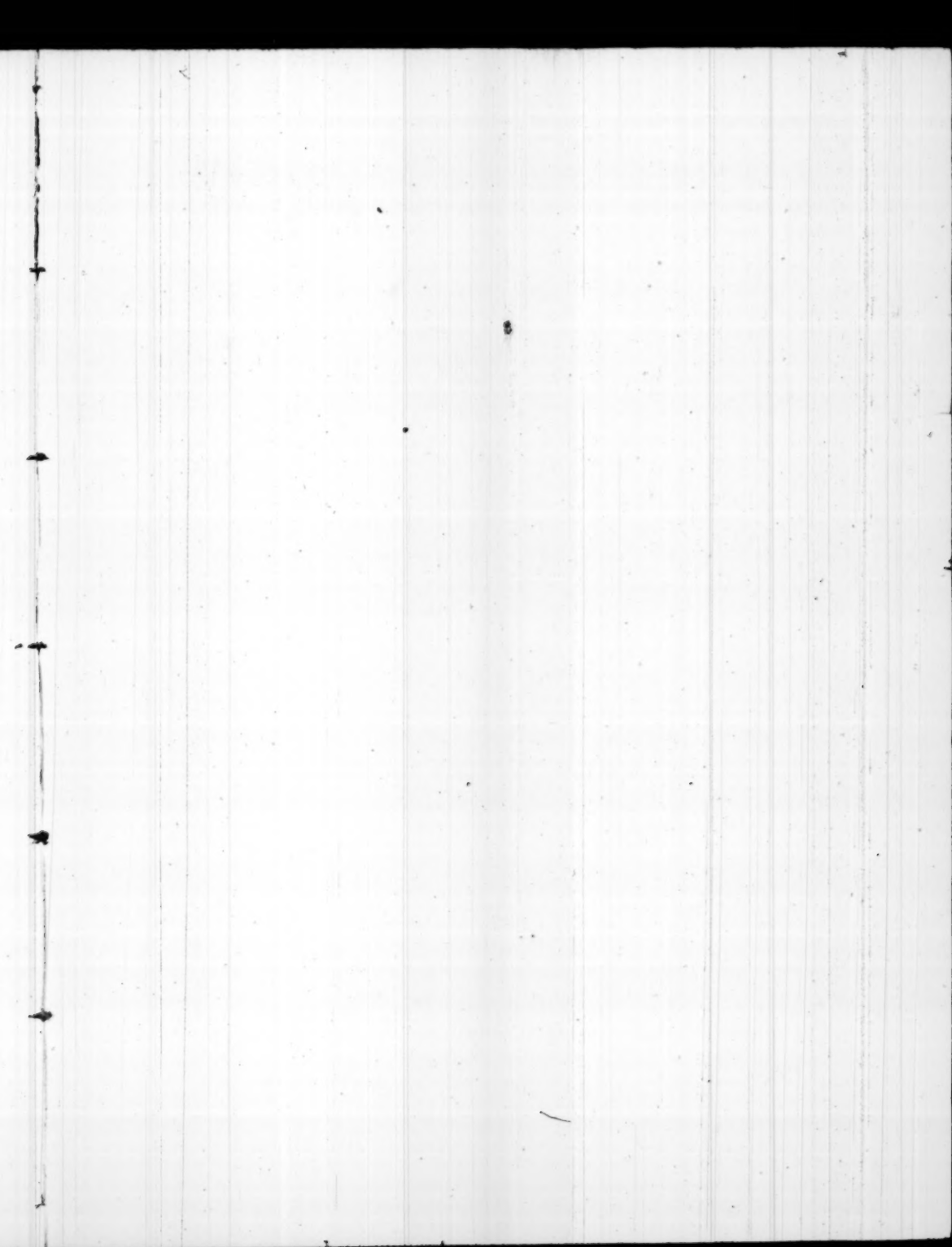
And now, Gentlemen, if you shall graciously please to oblige your Petitioner in your Umbrage of this Trifle, take my honest Word, upon the Honour of a Convert and Re-convert : by my Veracity in both Churches ; nay, in Church and out of Church, a Saint, a Traveller, a Dancer, Player, Poet, or whatever else, in all, and every Qualificatiton, I am,

Gentlemen,

Your most Faithful Servant.

J. H.

The



The Names of the Actors.

MEN.

Duke.
Duke of Schawden's Am-
bassador.
Rodolphus.
Baldwin.
Eustace.
Lodovick.
Albert.
Godfrey.
Arnulph.
Frederick.
Welpo.
Conradine.
Gozelo.
Lewis.
Ferdinando.

WOMEN.

Dutchess.
Gertruedo.
Libassa.
Clementia.
Idana.
Thierrie.
Maria.

Lords and Ladies, MASQUERS, Soldiers.

A

FATAL MISTAKE, OR THE PLOT SPOILD.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Eustace and Gertrudo.

She is in Mourning.

Eust. **W** Hat 'cause he kill'd *Adolphus* must he dye?
Shall Love be martyr'd by your cruelty?
Perhaps *Adolphus* gave him a just Cause;
His Life's then forfeited by Honours Laws.

But why should you be thus concern'd to make
Conradine wretched for *Adolphus*'s sake!

Gertrudo. I'll tell you Brother; we contracted were,
And though he's dead, he still is living here.

Shall I go to his Bed who took my Life?

I'm made a murder'ess when I'm made his Wife.

His Wife! that were to load my Soul with guilt;

What! Crimson o're this black with what he spilt?

And dye my Soul more black than these? She'll approve
Of the worst Treasons who can Traitors love.

By Heaven; these Tears, (which offer'd unto you,
Divine dear Saint, I count a sacred dew)

B

Nay

Fatal Mistake,

Nay by thy self I swear, if e'er I see
That Dog, this Hand shall be his Tragedy. — [Exit in a rage
— *Exit.* There is no hopes, nor is it just to move
Her to wed him who has destroy'd her Love. [Exit.

Enter Libussa.

Lib. I can't endure, he's proud and saucy; shall
My Husband's Brother slight me? — No, his fall
Must be contriv'd, or I shall burst with hate;
But it is wisdom to conceal his Fate.
I'll give it Wings, yet so that none shall dream
I am the poysoner of a balmy Stream;
I'll use such Words shall only friendship sound,
Yet give his Credit such a secret wound
'Shall gangrene so insensibly, that he
Shall plung'd be, 'fore he thinks of Misery.
For she's a Fool, who arm'd with love or spight,
Will not enflame the World & increase her light.
Did he not say my Parentage was base?
(Though not base born, yet of an obscure Race?)
And that his Brother rais'd me by his Love,
To what I could not hope? will not this move
Me to Revenge? Yes Fool, yes, thou shalt find,
Though meanly born, I have an high flown Mind
Which resents affronts. I (that Nettle plant)
Will make the Cedar stoop to servile want;
Yet guild it all with Love, no shew of strife,
I'll weeping wound, and smiling take thy Life.
—— His Life! that's murder. — But it must be done,
And then his Place goes to my Brother's Son;
Thus will I raise my own Relations, and
Give Check-mate to his Honours, and his Lands.
This neither Men nor Gods shall Countermand.

or, *The Plot Spoil'd.*

3

Enter Baldwin with attendants.

Good morning to your Grace. **Bald.** And you my Dear,
Go to my Brother, say I want him here. **[Exit Servant.]**

Libuff. How does brave *Enface*, Sir? He is unkind,
I have not seen him here to day; my mind
Prompts me to fear some Mischief; this last night
Methought I saw him environ'd with Light:
In his right and left Hand two Comets stood,
Which in a Moment did convert to Blood;
The Light was clouded, his Village grew pale,
His Tongue did falter, and his Feet did fail;
And sinking thus into my Arms he cry'd,
"Farewel bafe World, farewell, and smiling dy'd.
Pray Heaven this my Dream does not fatal prove.

Bald. Oh no; 'Tis but the extremity of your Love;
The end of which is trembling careful Fears,
Just as excess of Joy distills in Tears.

Libuff. Such Tears my Fate ne'er gave me Cause to shed,
Unless by being honoured with your Bed,
And sure if any thing can cause it now,
'Twill be the good success of those I know
You love, of which I'm sure he has great part,
He's so obliging, can dissolve a Heart
Of Ice into a flaming Stream of Love;
He is not mortal sure; the Gods above,
Dissembling for a while their Bliss, came down,
And took his shape to glorifie their own,
And weary of the Earth do now return;
Can less than Comets wait them to the Urn?

Bald. Fie, you do so much over-load his Bays,
And injure Heaven with your luxuriant Praise.

Fatal Mistake,

Enter Eustace, Leopoldus, and Albert.

Bald. *Eustace*, you troubled the Dutchels last night,
And she is scarcely yet out of the fright;
I left her to her self, and must you come?
Was it for you d' you think I left my Room?

Libuff. The Duke rallys, I thought you were dead,
Which clouded me with Fears, and storms of Tears;
But now the Sun is up those Clouds are fled.

Eust. Madam, I curle my over-saucy Stars
For whispering to your Peace the sound of Wars,
Yet cannot chuse but bless their kindness too,
Since they have made me so esteem'd by you.
Why would you thus abuse your Thoughts on one
Who lives or dyes by your Command alone?
Sir, here are Warrants for your signature,

[The Duke signs the Warrants.]

For Forty thousand Crowns. - *Bald.* You are sure
There's no mistake; I leave it to your care,
Both of my Honour and your Trust beware.

Eust. If ever by deceit or negligence
I abuse your indulgent Confidence,
May my honour be to dark oblivion hurl'd,
Nay, let me be a By-word to the World;
Which is much worse; for a true born noble Spirit,
Would rather be forgot, than live t' inherit
The footy Offsprings of black Calumny;
Such are still dying, and yet never dye.

Bald. 'Twas not distrust, or giddy Jealous fear;
But caution made me speak, your Souls too clear,
To be eclips'd by waining earthy Dross.
Wealth bought with Honour is the greatest loss.

Libuff. Brave *Eustace* is so nice in Honours Cause,
He'd rather lose his Life then break her Laws;
So true to Justice, and so just to Truth;
Goodness in him is aged, and a youth,

Old 'cause from the beginning it was so ;
 Young 'cause it does greater and greater grow ;
 And if he does not nip that forward Bud,
 He'll run into excess by being good :
 You had no reason then my Lord to fear,
 Your Caution's fond, extravagant your Care :
 For should the Heavens prove frail, the Gods untrue,
 Yet *Eustace* cannot be unjust to you.

Eust. How shall I thank your kindness ? The whole store
 Of Rhetorick is bankrupt, Thoughts are too poor
 To fancy the rough Draught of a return.

Libuff. 'Tis but a Vizard, underneath's thy Urn. — [*Aside.*

Bald. You'll shew your Gratitude, and Kindness too,
 By the well performing of my Birth-days Ceremonies.

Eust. Sir, you,
 Like Heaven, my Duty Service do approve,
 What I do for my Honour you count Love ;
 I'm in your Debt, can I wipe out the score
 Of obligations, by being obliged more ?
 That is a thrifty Payment. (*Alber.*) 'tis the fashion
 To borrow on, and pay with Reputation — [*Aside.*

Bald. We'll say no more, your Debt is current Coin,

Libuff. If you distrust his Bond, you shall have mine. [*Exeunt*
Manent, Eustace, Leopaldus
and Albert.

Eust. Though you do not want Instructions, yet
 Observe these Rules of mine ;
 Let not your mind gape at the Full-moon-tyde
 Of Wealth, so far that Honour be deny'd
 Her Rights ; but let your gains be just and true :
 He loses all who gets anothers due.
 Be civil unto all Men as you can,
 He who's the bravest is the humblest Man.
 Beware of Bribes for they are basely foul,
 Sins bawdy Panders who corrupt the Soul.

Leopal. Your Rules I will observe as sacred, and
 As such I shall observe your least Command.

Eust. There

Eust. There needed not that strain, I know you'r Jun;
He who has noble Thoughts cannot distrust.

Leopal. And therefore my design will easier be;
I'll sow his Seed, the Profit reap for me. [Aside.]

Enter Lodovick, Arnulph, Welphe and Conradine.

[Conradine and Eustace whisper.]

Conrad. Lost if I see her, if I don't dye,
How is my Soul plung'd in extremity!
If Fate when I was born did then contrive
To make me dye, why did Heaven make me live?
Why did not Death rifle my Mothers Womb?
And stop these Curses with so blest a doom?
Yet gentle *Eustace* pitty my distress,
Plead with her once more for my happiness.

Eust. Excuse me, Sir, I will not be so unjust Brother,
To Court her to what she so much hates.

Conrad. Adieu, I'll to some melancholly Shade,
Heaven may at last cure these Wounds she has made. — Exit.

Eust. My Friends you'r welcom all; what service now
Do your Commands oblige me with? *Lod.* We bow
Unto your Honour in an humble suit.

Eust. — When Friends Petition, Reason may dispute
Whether 'tis Friendship speaks: what wound have I
Unwilling giv'n to make it pine and dye?
Use not such Crab-fac'd distance to your Friend:

Arnulph. It is your kindness thus to condescend,
Our Fortunes are too narrow, Minds too poor;

Eust. He who's a true Friend is the greatest store. }

Albert. These gaudy Apples have a rotten Core,
They're Cankers to true Honour, and they bring
In their Mouth Nectar, in the Tail a Sting. [Aside.]

Eust. To morrow Morning, when the Duke's at leisure,
I'll him move in your Business; I take pleasure
In being serviceable to my Friend.

Welphe. Your Goodness is a World, none knows its end.

or, *The Plot Spoil'd.*

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Lodol. We kiss your Hand (*Alb.*) He speaks for all I see;

[*Aside.*

Welph. I humbly kiss your Feet. *Alb.* A Ladies Lap dogs Flea
Would be ador'd by him, oh how he Cringes!
His Tongue, nay, his whole Body hangs o' th' Hinges
Of Profit, he'll weep, smile, court, and scru
Himself into more shapes than *Proserp* knew:
For bawdy Game. Brave *Enslave* is too kind
Unto these Serpents. *Enst.* How is my Mind
Ensnar'd with Love! oh! how is my Soul twin'd
In th' cruel Shackles of her downy Hair!
Yet they are precious Chains, a glorious Snare.

—— But Reason bids me, not enslave my Soul to
Woman, her rise was but Rib-high, 'twas Man
Was made the Head (the Metropolitan) ——

—— Reason, thou art unreasonable; she
Is Empress of the World who subjects me.

Venus does sometime blush, sometime look pale,
To see her self out-shone, and wears a Vail.

Smooth-tongu'd-*Minerva* swears *Apollo* got
This Eloquence; she comprehends it not.

Dianna does forget the Chast *Lucretia*;

Rome never knew this Ladies like, nor Greece.

Prowning *Bellona* casts her Armour by,

Swears it was ravish'd from her by her Eye.

Thus Beauty, Learning, Chastity and War,

Do homage to this more illustrious Star.

Presume not then to love, only admire,

For fear her Eyes do burn thee in their Fire. ——

—— Not love for fear? —— Fears base, for if I burn,

I go a happy Commet to my Urn.

Encrease thy Flames then, if the cruel prove,

I dye her Martyr, sacrific'd to Love.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Fatal Mistake,

Enter Rodolphus and Clementia.

Rodulp.—— You need not fear,
There is no danger, the Coast's clear;
Pol on the Arras cannot prate
Of our solemn sweets to any, that
Elme courted by, the too-fond Vine
Will not declare; you see they twine,
And tacitly upbraid our cold
Neglect. Will you live to be old,
And lose your dear delights? faith try;
You rob your self when you deny:
Your Blushes shall not speak, I'll fan
Them into paleness, and that wan-
Ness shall not accuse, that Death-
Look I'll make ruddy with my Breath.
Let's then by now fulfilling Love,
Anticipate those Joys above.

Clement. What have I done to fan your beafty Flame,
That it dares be so saucy as to name
Its rude Desires? Has my Deportment been
So light, you think, it must be pois'd with Sin!

Rodulp. Dare be so saucy! had you been
Diviner than the *Paphian* Queen;
Or had the fondness of great *Jove*
Adopted you to be his Love,
And I a dirty Scullion born,
You could not then have us'd more scorn;
You might have giv'n an Answer free
From Pride or Incivillity:
You could but chide your Foot-boy so.

Clement. He's better bred, and honest I know.
Tell me not of the greatness of your Blood,
" 'Tis he alone is great who dares be good.
You Exercise your Power to do ill;
In thus controuling you your greatness kill.

Can he be Noble who does basely stoop
To pamper'd Sence, and make his Honour droop?
Can he be Gallant who does quit the Field
To vaunting Lust? Ist Valour thus to yield?
No no; that Prince who has a Peasants Mind,
Is but a gaudy Bladder cram'd with Wind.
Honour is poiz'd with Vertue, 'tis not light;
Some men were born, others made Lords in spight.

For Nature angry with the Father, gave
A Son should prove an honourable Knave;
This may plead fashion, and so pardon get.
But when men shall be Beasts, (I'll not repeat
Those many ways they make them so) then 'tis
Nature does plague Birth with an Emphasis:
She is ingenious in her Vengeance, when
She makes the best by Birth the worst of Men.
Titles of Honour I know the Duke can
Give, you must make your self a Noble man.

Rodolph. Love firmly rooted never finds remorse,
It must enjoy by favour or by force.

Clem. Do not delude your self, there are those high
Will soon divert your black intent. *Rodolph.* I'll try.

[Goes to force her.]

Clement. *Idana, Idana.*

Enter Idana. He unhands her.

Clement. *Fredrick* than know you would abuse his Wife,
For that would cost or him or you a Life.
But come no more unto my House.

[Exit *Clementia* and *Idana*.]

Rodolph. So fool'd! it must not die without repair:—
— I hav't: The VWorld will think her foul, 'cause fair:
I'll say she is my VVhore; nay swear't: thus I
VVill be reveng'd to see her Honour die.

[Exit]

C

Enter

A Fatal Mistake

Enter Frederick and Eustace

Fre. You throw away, dear Sir, your generous Passion;
I cannot make a just Retaliation.
You are so far above't; yet you shall see
I'll Honour you as much as you Love me.

Eust. Your Love do's Wealth, Honour, Bliss comprehend,
Has he not all who has so brave a Friend?

Fre. You are an Artist, Sir, I quit the Field
My Language must; my Love shall never yield.
Yet I'm afraid that too will too weak prove,
Your Merits bind me, you love, cause you love:
I love for Gain; you can no Reason give
For yours to me. So do the Gods, who live
Only to love poor Mortals, so do you;
And that Love which is Heavenly must be True.

Eust. In striving to pursue this Copious Theam,
I cut against the Grain, swim gainst the Stream;
You do out-do me, I'll my Top sail lower;
Your Language and your Love have the sole Power.

Fred. I'll say no more, but keep that in my Breast;
Which, though can't, would seem Flattery if exprest. [Exit.

Eust. If he were not her Husband, she might prove
Mild to my Suir, and gratifie my Love:
Or were he not my Friend, to have my will;
Perhaps commanding Love might make me kill
Him, the only Thwart to my Desires, and try
By Fraud or Force to spot her Purity:
— But that's 'gainst both Divine and Humane Law.
— Love makes it lawful, though to break all Law.
— Honour will not deceive any who trust
To her, and honestly bids me be just
To all in all things; 'tis strict Vertues will
We bear Fates Tortures, nor committing ill.
I'll love her then; but with that sacred Flame
Shan't Honour blot, nor deface Friendships Name.

[Exit.

Enter

or, *The Plot Spied.*

11

Enter Duke, Dutchess, Thierrie, &c.

Duke. I've promis'd it unto *Eustace* his Friend,
If you command I know he'll not contend,
But willingly, and with great Joy submit
To lay his Int'rest at your Nephews Feet.

Dutch. Far be that, Sir; You know all kindness shewn
To him, I ever reckon'd as my own.

Duk. The next opportunity I have of conferring any thing
Worthy of *Thierrie*, I'll not forget him.

Dutch. Let him enjoy it, it is not worth my strife; [*Aside.*
He shall surrender shortly with his life. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Dutchess and Godfrey.

Dutch. **T**He Duke do's love him, therefore we must be
Subtly friendly in our Treachery:

He thinks my Flames are Loyals but they are

Only to melt him into woful care

I'll laugh to see him plunge without relief

In sweaty Anger and in briny Grief

Let him, like *Niobe*, weep into Stone

Useless to all, regarded to by none:

Then tickled with that Pleasure, I shall die

In Raptures, as I lost Virginity.

Godf. — Since 'tis your Pleasure I'll obey your Grace:

Dutch. 'Tis for your Profit your Son gets his Place. [*Exit.*

Godf. — I am his Bosom; can I break my Trust

To one so Faithful, so exactly Just?

Hence Treachery, what! shall a Womans Hate

Triumph o're Goodness? — I'll divert that Fate. —

— But she proposes Wealth, and Honour too;
 VVhat will not any for those Beauties do?
 They captivate all with their golden Hair;
 Evaporate then Friendship into Air.

[Exit.]

Enter Lodovick, Arnulph, VVelpho, and Rodolphus.

Lod. Besides all this, he's Honours Advocate,
 A God to Vertue; but to Vice a Fate.

Arn. He takes not Honour in the new-mode's Sence;
 But weighs it in the Scale of Conscience.

Welph. He's Natures Darling, and the Muses Dear;
 And yet can teach even Mars to break a Spear.

Rodul. Rob the VVorlds Cabbinet, and ransack Fame;
 You cannot equal then brave *Eustace's* Name.
 He is in one word (that we mayn't time spend)
 The greatest Soldier, Courtier, truest Friend.

[Exeunt]

manet Rodolphus

Rodul. — VVith what regret do I sound forth his Praise!
 — How do I curse when I trim up his Bays;
 My tow'ring Thoughts disdain to be out-shown;
 Envy all Encomiums that are not their own:
 My Sou's as lousy as the best; I hate
 So mean a thing as second in a State.
 Nature made all Men naked, Beggars, and Kings;
 'Tis Fortune only turns the Scale of things.
 If she should make my Sovereign's Scepters mine,
 I'd think my self as Sovereign and Divine
 As he; and on him from that Wheel look down,
 With an upbraiding Smile, disdainful Frown.
Eustace I'll strike at first; and when I'm in
 (Ambition can digest the greatest Sin)
 I'll level at the Duke; the Attempt is brave,
 I gain if loose; a Subject is a Slave.
 The Dutchess in all this shall be the Scale
 I'll take th' height of this Attempt by her pale

Looks,

Looks, frequent Blushes, broken Sighs of late,
Argue she's Pris'n'd unto Love or Hate,
Or both; and if I'm not mistaken, I
Saw my self seated in her amorous Eye;
If so, I'll make her love Baud to my Lust,
These two Flames joyn'd shall burn the Duke to Dust. [*Exit.*]

Enter Eustace and Clementia.

Eust. — Not love you! Why?
Cause you'r so killing perfect, must love dye?
You not belov'd! whose high flown Eloquence
Sacred Sybilline dictates do's dispence!
The Rhetorick of your Face with silence can
Speak threats unto the Gods, but death to Man.
When *Phyrrha* and *Deucalion* threw the Stones,
And from thence sprang both Male and Female ones;
Nature intended Love, else you would feel,
Instead of Flesh, those Flints and Hearts of Steel;
She mollifi'd those Stones, encreas'd desire,
She took away the Flint, but left the Fire.

Clement. That Fire you speak of ought to be refin'd
In the chaste Furnace of a Godly Mind;
The Gods allow love's Flame, yours Lusts will prove,
Would *Eustace* have me lose my Love by Love?
Love's Fire's divine. Divinity is just.

© Heavens! Can *Eustace* be eclipse'd with Lust!
Fredrick's your Friend; from yours he draws his Life,
Fie *Eustace*, fie, would you abuse his Wife?

Eust. — Could any Mortal Eye transpierce the Spheres,
And see what the just Gods are doing there,
How they eternal Joys give to the Good,
And do revenge Adulteries and Blood;
Or did they think the Thunderer was near,
The very worst of Men to sin would fear;
D'you think me then so impudent, that I
Dare sin when such a Deity is nigh?

No

A Fatal Mistake,

No Madam, no; may Heaven exclude me there;
 And you me hate (a greater Hell by far)
 If my Flames not as just as theirs above;
 The very abstract of the purest Love,
 I crave but to enjoy your Company,
 To kiss your Feet, your heavenly Beauty view;
 To feed upon your Voices Harmony,
 Heaven is not Heaven if all this is not true:
 And if your Servant covets more than this,
 Like Lucifer may I lose all my Bliss.

Clement. *Eustace* now, methinks I see
 In him all Glory, all Divinity;
 And since his Thoughts nothing but Vertue are,
 As I before, am still his Worshipper.
Eustace shall *Fredrick*, *Fredrick* *Eustace* be,
 Except in Bed, one and the same to me;
 This is true Love, Lust is the Beasts delight,
 That beams the Sun, this darkens blackest Night. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Godfrey.

When *Eustace* is deposed, my Son shall
 Be Treasurer, I Lord General;
 To gain Honour, who do's not think 'tis fit
 To baffle Friendship, is not stor'd with Wit. *[Exit.]*

Enter Eustace, Rodolphus and Albert.

There's your Commission (*Rodol.*) Sir, I still must be
 Indebted to your great Civility.
 How I applaud my Wit for this new Power,
 He raises me to make himself fall lower;
 'Tis Envy's Lechery to make Men fall
 By that they built to save themselves withal. *[Aside.]*
[Exeunt.]

Enter

Enter Conradine and Gozelo.

Conra. Post away, relate it to the Duke in the most odious
Terms imaginable;
Then return to me disgrac'd. [*Exit Gozelo.*
I'll mitigate these Flames in which I burn,
Or kindle those shall bring me to my Urn. [*Exit.*

Enter Duke.

How are they incumbred who do wear a Crown;
They cannot truly call what's theirs their own;
All rob the Prince, Theft's not Theft in that thing;
'Tis godly Policy to chear the King,
The Sycophant oyls us with Flatteries,
Our Gold is angled at by avarice;
Th' ambitious Worms would over-top their heuven,
The envious wretch would starve our Princely State,
All strive to raise themselves, or wret our Fate;
Nor are we free from Treasons when we are dead.
Did not *Rodolphus* tell me but just now,
(Treason sole regent late upon his Brow)
That he; *Rodolphus*! would more loyal be
Then him, who from me takes his Pedigree?
More Loyal! ha! — was not th' Accent there? — Yes —
— My Brother false? — No, he a Traitor is —
— But why do I Condemn him thus? — Yet can
Eustace, brave *Eustace*, be less then a man?
(For Traitors are Beasts, Monsters) — Yet we know
Blood Royal thinks that Nature do's it owe
A Crown; *Eustace* may think himself as fit,
In Majesty, in Wisdom, and in Wit,
To sit at Helm as I — He can't break his Trust —
— The best corrupted though prove most unjust,
I'll therefore watch him, and th' informer too;
Perhaps he talks but what himself would do.

[*Exit.*
Enter.

Enter Rodolphus.

So let him play a while with this first Baits,
 False-sighted Jealousie can pick deceit
 Out of true Loyalty, now *Eustace* shall
 Not talk of Honey, but he'll extract Gall;
 And I'll so feed his Humour, blind his Sence,
 He'll Duty check, and Treason recompence.

Enter Dutchess.

God save your Grace. *Du.* Oh! what! *Rodolphus*! joy;
 You are turn'd Soldier, count the Court a Toy;
 It is a Miracle to see you here,
 A day of Jubilee when you appear.

Rodolph. Your Grace is merry, Soldiers must obey
 Their Officers, else 'twere a Puppet-play;
 Female Suns shine at Court; *Rodolphus* can
 Feast his Eyes on his Mistress; who's a Man,
 My General, brave *Eustace*, I adore;
 I'll never think of Women any more.

Dutch. Methinks *Rodolphus*—(none do hear but we) [*Aside.*
 Himself might be the General, had not he
 A Soul too narrow to contain the Fire
 Of his dear Princess *Libussa's* desire;
 And in my Judgment, he deserves it, far
 Beyond that vulgar Shadow, painted Star.
 —The Dutchess told me this her self; if you
 Have not Faith to believe that it is true,
 Come to her Bed-Chamber, I'll place you where
 You all our close Discourse shall over-hear.
 She weeps for Joy when I begin your name;
 Yet those dewes are soon dry'd up in Loves Flame.
 She sighs, and weeps again to cool Desire,
 Alas! those oily drops encrease the Fire.

Rodolphus

Rodolphus did not know who was his Slave
Before I told. For this my Rec I'll have; [Exit *Duchess*]

Rodolph. Ha, ha, ha, All this I knew before; we wise men must
Make many Tryals before we do trust.

Rodolphus might be General (ha, ha, ha,) Yes I
Will *Enface* be, and Duke, or bravely dye. [Exit.]

Enter *Leopaldus* and a Messenger.

I'll wait upon her Grace. [Exit Messenger.]

Leop. — Lord, Treasurer or Lord General — Let's see —
Which of those Titles is the best for me —
— Faith Treasurer, for I love Gold; beside
A Cannons Language I could ne'er abide,
(Not that all Soldiers think they must fight, no;
The Duke I fear would have few, thought they so.)
'Tis a rough Dialect, but Gold's smooth Tongue
Makes Angels dance unto its heavenly Song;
That then I'll choose shall make all Men admire
My State; a Generals but a Powder Fire.
Ha, ha, ha, Who'd be a Soldier? he's a flash can't hold,
Unless the Treasurer feeds him with Gold.
I do allow their Officers are bright;
If I (their Sun) contract my Beams, 'tis Night.
How am I ravish'd with these Thoughts! I'll live
In greatest Splendour; there's nought shall reprove
The least of Pleasures from my ravenous Sence;
The Stars from me shall rake their influence,
Bending to my will all Mens Humours, he
Shall be Atheist thought who do's not worship me;
In Beds of Down I'll revel without care,
In richest Chariots take the pregnant Air;
Which drawn by two more Horses than the Sun,
My uncontrouled Course like him I'll run;
How will the Virgins court me! the whilst I
Only laugh at their forc'd Virginity. —

The Dutchess in all this must obey, won't you bid what she
 She does expect, I dare not make her stay, for I
 Let her conceive rough Plots, I'll bring them forth, and
 My Tongue shall lick and form them into worth.

[Exit]

Enter Daraboff.

Dutch. You're punctual *Leopoldus*. *Leo.* Your Graces Will
 A Law is to your Slave. *Dutch.* Unless to kill
 Your Master. (*Leo.*) Such a thought your Grace ne'er bred,
 You'd almost dye to raise him was he dead.

Dutch. He's close, I'll give his Wit a Bone to pick. — [*Aside.*
 Not kill proud *Eustace*? hence you puny *Officer*;
 How can you else be General? *Leo.* This Hand,
 Was it Commissioned by your Command,
 Should tear my Heart before your sacred Eyes;
 Dare I do that, and yet not sacrifice
Eustace to your hate? Yes, if greater far.

Dutch. Not for my Love, but to be Treasurer
 Base. Traitor to thy Master, thou shalt dye
 For this foul Treason. *Lewis* (*Enter Lewis.*) Why?
 Was not that seal'd Box to *Leopoldus* sent?

Lewis. It is, but he came hither whilst it went,
 So miss'd it. (*Dutch.*) There are the Writings: That's all.

Ha, ha, ha, ha. *Leo.* How did my proud Heart fall,
 His Plumes when your Grace call'd, 'twas a great fright.

Dutch. Day's welcome after the most tedious Night.
 Now to th' Affair. You must harch jealousy
 In th' Duke of *Eustace* his Fidelity
 In both his Offices. Let some trick be
 Found out to make him think he aims at me;
 I with my kindness will so rub the sore,
 It shall not heal, but fester more and more;
 Yet do it secretly, that none may know,
 That he his Downfal unto us do's owe.

I know your wife, it is your own Affairs, They woudT And
Therefore it do's concern you to take care. Nature's wond'rous

Enter Eustace, Frederick and Masquer.

Eust. Are all the *Siren* Habits made, and the Musick perfect :

1 Masquer, Yes. (Eust.) Pray let them be very exact, for

I value my Reputation

In the well performing of this Masque. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Duke, Godfrey and Dutchess, &c.

Duke. Dares *Eustace* then commit such Crimes as those?

Dutch. Your seeming Friends are still the basest Foes;

I hate you, Brother, for this Black-mouth'd Deed;

Do you, his choicest Flower, turn a Weed?

Ill root you out o' my Thoughts for this; you shall

Have little cause to glory in his Fall.

Godf. Madam what needs this heat, 'tis for his good

I tell the Duke. (*Dutch.*) Away corrupted Blood;

Black Parasite, whose Soul knows nought but Vice,

'Tis cram'd with Pride, Envy and Avarice;

Thou'rt just to flattery, to all Truth untrue;

Godf. I am as just to Friendship, true, as you.

Dutch. 'Tis sawcy, Sir, I hope you will not shew

Your self unkind to *Carlos*, Sir. I know

This Accusation's false. If not, than I

Desire to school him for this Vanity.

Seem not to know it, chide him not for this;

'Tis 'gainst his Will if he has done amiss.

Duke. Well, Madam, I am calm'd; for he that can

Still ward the Hills of Vice is more than Man. [*Exit Duke.*]

Dutch. Was it not bravely acted. *Godf.* To the Life,

My Knowledge and my Judgment were at strife,

Whether it was in earnest or in jest,

So naturally urg'd so strongly prest.

A Fatal Mistake.

Dutch. They who do seek to undermine the Wife,
Must Nature use with Art to blind their Eyes. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Eustace, Godfrey and Rodolphus.

Eust. How do's Rodolphus like his Regiment? *Rod.* Well,
I humbly thank your Honour; they are all
Men who deserve so brave a General.

Eust. Oh no Rodolphus; all the World can tell
Their bravery is in their Colonel. *[Exeunt.]*

Rodolph. If Fortune do's not play the Jade, they shall
Soon see their Colonel their General. — *[Exit.]*

*The Scene is drawn, the Duke and Dutchess, with all the Lords
and Ladies are seated for the Mask.*

Enter Nature with a Baby in her Arms richly dress'd.

Nature. Who says that I'm no Deity? when they
Who rule the Heaven shall wonder at this Clay;
Great *Jupiter* shall not only look down,
But even descend this glorious Earth to Crown.

[Nature seats her self.]

Enter Pan with six Satyrs.

Pan. What makes the Hills to dance! the Mountains play!
The Groves cut Capers! whole is this Holy-day!
My Flocks do skip, and every Bird do's sing;
For whom's this great mirth made! *Nat.* Behold! this King.

Pan seems amaz'd.] Nat. Wonder not *Pan*, a God's born on
the Earth.

The World must needs move in a Sphere of mirth.

[Pan seats himself.]

Satyrs sing.] Wonder not Pan, a God's, &c. as before.

Enter

or, *The Play Spoken.*

21

Enter Neptune with six Syrens
Soft Musick's heard.

Nept. What Melody is this? whence are these Charms?
Far sweeter than my Syrens' voice, whose Measures Arie.

Nept. Sing Syrens sing; Nature's immortal; we
Must bow unto her New-born Deity, who to *Mary* seals himself.
Satyrns and Syrens sing. Sing Syrens sing, Nature, &c.
as before.

The six Syrens and six Satyrns dance an Antick.

Cupid and Mercury enter.

Cupid. Hail glorious Prince, all I can do will be
To make Ten thousand Ladies dye for thee.

Merc. Break thy Bow, *Cupid*, th' amorous Tackling tear,
Thou art no God; all love is feared here.

Syrens and Satyrns sing.
Break thy Bow, break thy Bow, Cupid, for we
Must bow unto this New-born Deity.

Mercury and Cupid dance a Sarabran.

Whilst Mars and Venus descend.

Mars. What Stern-sweet beauty's this makes *Mary* afraid?
My Valour's rivall'd. *Ven.* I'm glad 'tis no Maid.

Merc. Sing *Venus*, forget thy *Adonis*; for he
Was not so fair as this new Deity.

Syrens, Satyrns. Sing *Venus*, forget, &c. as before.
[Venus fears her self.]

I know you're wife, it is your own Affair
More if he's concern'd you to take care.

Pan, Neptune, and Mars dance, whilst Jupiter, and Juno descend; And then Jupiter, Juno, Mars, Venus, Cupid and Mercury dance.

Thus when good Kings are born upon the Earth,
The Host of Heav'n is mixt with much merriment;
The six left go off of the Stage, and whilst they are ascending,
Pan and his Satyrs, and Neptune with his Sprites dance;
by degrees leave the Stage.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

The Scene's drawn: The Duke in State with all his Nobles
about him, prepar'd to give Audience to the Duke of
Schawden's Ambassador.

Enter Ambassadors; And after due Ceremonies past speaks.

The Great Duke of Schawden do's desire thee Great Baldwin,
and is resolv'd after Twenty days, to lay wast thy Dominion by Fire and Sword, to be reveng'd for thy execrable murdering his Nephew the brave Conradine.

Duke. Tell the proud unjust Duke thy Master; that he shall dearly pay, for endeavouring to cloud our Rays with such detestable Actions.

For though his force and hatred is to great,
We'll drown his Anger in a Bloody-sweat. [Exeunt.

Enter Leopaldus, Solus.

I know you're wise, it is your own Affair,
Therefore it do's concern you to take care.—

or, *The Plot Spoil'd.*

It do's I know, add it to my careful too
Who o' the Devil knows what she may do
Base Traitor thou shalt dye hid she
And who can tell? The may in earnest be:
No, Dutchess, no, you shall not edon me
I'll go to *Eustace* and disclose the Plot,
Unload my self of guilt; — but they will not
Believe my Accusations, and thus I
Revealing Treason Traitor like shall dye.
I must go through now I've begun; 'tis base
To faulter in the middle of a Chase.

Enter a Servant gives him a Box
Against the Duke of ————
By me, and I'll return the General.

Don Lewis left it here. *Leopold*. Be gone. — What's this!
A Ruby! Topaz! and an Amethyst!
Dull plumbeous Brain. What a Hen-hearted Slave
Was I to doubt the Dutchess, can one have
Surer Proofs of her Loyalty than this?
Faint Jealousie do's often judge amiss.
Do not these Jewels and this Gold infer,
That I shall be advanced Treasurer?
I'll follow't now with eagerness, I doubt
Not but to succeed when he's justied out.

Enter Ferdinando and Philippo, alias Conradine and Gozelo.

Am I not well disguis'd, is not this Hair
An exact Vizard? and are not these Pair
Of Mustachoes well ordend? ha! *Phil*. As well
As though your Honour fetch'd them out of Hell:
So black, so horn'd, and so deceitful too,
The Devils in Men sure when they do woe,
Or else they would not so transform themselves
For nothing but to please these waipin Elves,
Who, if they did not court, would court themselves.

Ferd. That's

Ferd. That's too Satyrical, how I wish I knew how I do! I don't like my Mask. *Philipp.* I could have told you that I do not like it. *W.* No, of the Duke's. *Phil.* I could have told you that I do not like it. *W.* No, of the Duke's. *Phil.* I could have told you that I do not like it. *W.* No, of the Duke's.

Phil. O, Sir, your Virtues through these Clouds do shine, Cloaths cannot hide that Part which is Divine.

Ferd. You must be exercising of your Wit.

Phil. 'T has been so long I fear I've forgotten it.

Enter Rodolphus.

Ferd. I must contrive it so
That he stay here, and I in chief may go
Against the Duke of Schawden.

Yet if he goes, he secretly shall fall
By me, and I'll return the General. *[Exit]*

Enter Duke, Dutchess, and Eustace.

Duke. Another Regiment then must be rais'd.
Dutch. But will you venture East or West in this Fight?

Should he miscarry, you lose all your might
At one blow; for as soon as he is lost
Your Bed-rid Dukedom will give up the Ghost.
He is the Soul of Valour; should they see
Him fall, your bravest Martialists would flee
Like frighted Sheep before the Wolves, none shall
Resist, but with a meek Devotion fall
A Sacrifice to him; some out of fear,

Others, 'cause he is gone, hate to live here;
Let him stay here for a reserve at last
To grapple with Death when all hopes are past.

Duke. Madam, to keep him here's to lose the Day,
What strength remains when the Soul's run away?

Eust. Those Court-silk-worms, whose sophisticated Fare
Is Peace, sauc'd up in Pleasure, whose Pallats War
Do's nauseate; who with ease Ermag their Gown,
Mind not their Princes Interest but their own;

Should

Should we sit still and let the Commons sweat
Alone, they would our Honour from us get.
Had I Ten thousand Lives, each drop of Blood
Should be exhausted for my Countries good.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Eustace, Ferdinando, Rodolphus, Phillippo.

Eust. Great Sir, your Fame
Has made the World enamour'd with your Name;
You need not bring a Letter to be known;
There's nothing Great nor Good that's not your own.
Since you have put your Rays under the Cloud
Of *Nancy*, let my poor House be allow'd
That Honour; *Ferdinando* may be as free,
As if he was brave *Otho*. *Exeunt. Rodolph. Otho!* he!
Letters from him! — from *Otho!* — that shall be
Matter wherewith I'll feed my Villany.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Eustace.

By thus matching my Sister with the Brother of the dead
Conradine, I shall create a Peace upon Honourable Terms.
He who muzzles the Jaws of the Sword, do's his Country as
great a Service, as he who vindicates her honour by it. Yet
I will keep it secret, that it may be more vallued; for we
are apt to prize those Blessings most which come unex-
pected.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Three Soldiers.

1. Come Boys let's bid adieu to these Thred-bare knitty Jir-
kins, these Spawns of Peace; the who never gave Soldiers
any thing but aking Bellies and itching Backs.

2. Faith if we had lain still any longer, every one I think
had been a General; I believe I can Muster Ten thousand,
besides what have had the strapado, and been turn'd out of
Service.

E

3 But

3. But now we'll ruffle in Silk, and be lousie with Credit;
Brace our Bellies with Provocatives; make our Souls tyde it
to *Elysium* in Wine, then have an Alderman's Wife to close
up the Stomach.

1. Take it off you mean.

2. Faith I must have half a dozen to cure my Itch.

3. No, one with her Husband's best new Suit and clean Shirt
will do't; for they are famous for such Cures. [Exeunt.]

Enter Eustace, Gertrudo and Ferdinando.

Gertrud. I do his noble praise admire,
And emulate his worth; but *Cupid's Fire*
Catch from the Eyes. (*Eust.*) He has your Picture. (*Ger.*) I will
He live and doat upon my Picture still.
I'll marry none by Proxy; Kings in that
Are then their Subjects more unfortunate.

Ferd. 'Twas not report that rais'd *Otho's Love*,
Or your Effigies did his Passion move;
But he has seen you, Madam; from your Eyes
The Fire was kindled for this Sacrifice;
He offers a true broken Heart; Quench not
That holy Flame your Beauty has begot.

Gertrud. What's got by Beauty will with Beauty fade,
When the Sun sets we are left in the Shade;

Ferd. Beauty is not External, but Divine,
He do's adore the Features of your Mind;
You are the Fountain of Divinity;
Through you all Glory, Bliss, and Goodness run,
The Heavens do boast of your Affinity;
Your splendant Eyes renew and beam the Sun.
Should you be angry, and withdraw your Light,
The World would grovel in eternal Night.
Let not, let not your too much Cruelty,
Give cause to doubt of your Divinity.

Gertrud. How do's he plead against himself? 'tis he
By whom I'm Conquer'd, he has fetter'd me.

[*Aside.*
Justice

Justice as well as Mercy's in the Gods,
 One Hand holds Blessings, and the other Rods
 To punish proud Offenders. Sir, can I
 Think *Otho* do's count me his Deity;
 When in his first address I read such Crimes?
 O Heavens! the Pride of Men in these our Times!
 Can the Proud *Otho* think that I'm Divine,
 When Scrivener-like he courts me thus by Line?
 The Path to Conquer her is strait, thought he,
 And easie. 'Tis a sign he Honours me;
 Did he so much admire what he writ,
 To think that I'd be ravish'd with his Wit?
 Or did he think himself, (great Man!) too good
 To come himself? Or thought he travail would
 Cool th' Glow-worm-flashes of his hasty Fire,
 Or me quite void of what should raise desire?
 Or does he think I must be his by fate?
 'Tis fit I scourge his Confidence with hate.

Ferd. Madam. *Ger.* No more; I'll not hear one word more.

Ferd. Your Laws are Sacred, I your VVill adore.

Eust. Your humour's peevish, Sister. *Gertrud.* Brother, I
 Owe you a great respect I know; yet why
 Should you usurp a Power over me?
 Love's not begot by any force; 'tis free.
 I will obey your modest Mandates still;
 But marry whom I please, not whom you will.

Eust. There's no resisting VVomans wild desire, — [Aside.
 Pray let your Reason mitigate your Ire. — [Exit.

Ferd. I'm glad she is so cruel — [Exit.

Gertrud. VVhat thing is Love! of what is it begot!
 Sure they who know it best do know it not;
 It is a sudden fire, a secret flame,
 It has a thousand, yet not one true Name. —
 Hell's chiefest Agent's Lust, Love takes its birth
 From that; sure then Love is Hell upon Earth;
 To me it is, for I'm burn'd in a Fire,
 In which I burn, and shall yet ne'er expire.

[Exit.
 Enter

Enter Dutchess and Rodolphus, they whisper. Exit Rodolph.

Enter Godfrey, they discourse privately. Exit Godfrey.

Enter Leopaldus, they whisper. Exit Leopaldus.

Dutch. If these three fail, how cursed is my fate;
There's neither God of Love, nor Friend of hate. [*Exit.*]

Enter Duke and Rodolphus.

Duke. Now by my Life this News do's make me fear——
Letters from him! his Confident too here
By *Eustace* entertain'd! If so, I'm sure
That Traitor has my Dukedom made secure
Unto himself.—— Prithee what's best to do?——
I'll his Commission seize. (*Rod.*) That's not safe, you
Must do it by degrees, no rash ways try,
Fetter his Gyant strength with Policy,
Send him unto *St. Enay*, tell him that you
Can trust none but *Eustace* himself to view
That Fort; he gone, you must pick out some one
VWho Treason hates, to crush Rebellion
In the Egg; him make General. *Duk.* I see
Some hope yet left through thy sagacity;
And did not gratitude, my safety would
Invite thee to be General; 'Tis good
To scourge Rebellion with an Iron Whip;
Thy forward Zeal for me will make thee strip
Those Traitors of all means to do me harm;
I'm safe under thy Conduct and thy Arm.

Rodolph. Meer Nature honours Kings; you bind me now
By Gratitude to keep m' Allegiance Vow.
If e'er I violate my Fealty, may
That Crime give VVings unto the Judgment day.

Duke. I doubt not; but dost not know any more
VWho are charm'd with the Beauty of this VVhore

Ambition?

Ambition? what Officers are they
With whom he does intend this Game to play?

Rodolph. *Fredrick's Bosom, him you must remove,*
Not out of Jealousie, but seeming Love;
Give him a better Place, though far more worse;

Duke. I'll Honour him with Master of our Horse,
Because he is the good *Eustace* his Friend.

Rodolph. 'Tis fit indeed they ride unto their end.

Duke. Those Subjects who dare so usurp the Crown,
Do but exalt themselves to tumble down. [Exit.

Rodolph. I'll not that humble fear, nor thy weak frown,
Ten thousand Lives to wear a minutes Crown. [Exit.

Enter Gertrudo and Maria in a Garden.

I sigh, weep, mourn, rejoyce, I freeze, I fry?

How am I scourged with uncertainty!—

Sing me the Song thou sungst last night; ah me!

I'll with my Sighs and Tears thy Chorus be.

Maria. Descend ye gentle Angels; see

A Wretch hem'd in with Grief;

All Misery's sum'd up in me,

Look down and bring Relief;

Let your kind Breath and Wings fan my rude Fire;

Not like my Sighs and Tears which feed desire.

Woe Tyrant *Cupid* for Relief,

(If such a God there be)

Paint out, murmur to him my Grief;

A Friend would pity me;

Tell him how devillish is his damned Fire;

Let him stand farther off, or else come nigher.

Must Beauty still be joynd with Grief?

Take that then quite from me,

Or else take this, and give relief

To what you first gave me;

O Gods! Can you be plagu'd with hellish Fires!

I am your Image; Image my Desires.

Cho.

A Fatal Mistake,

Chorus. Or give me more, or take what I have, I have
That melting I may drop into my Grave. [Exeunt.]

Enter Eustace and Ferdinando.

Eust. I'll write to him, invite him to come here,
All Clouds must fly when the Sun does appear.

Ferd. I will inclose your Letter in mine. [Exeunt.]

Enter Rodolphus and a Soldier.

Sol. I want Money, Sir, to furnish me for this Expedition,
and your Honours Clerk denies me my Pay.

Rodolph. You'r troublesome, you'r troublesome, away.

[Exit. Rodolph.]

Sol. Such Officers are Enemies.

[Exit.]

Enter Dutchess and Leopaldus.

Dutch. Next time he writes unto Orho, see
You carefully that Letter bring to me,
It may concern our Business; Leo. I'll obey
Your Graces will with great Devotion. Dutch. They
Who a Kings Favourite would tumble down,
Must make his Vices justify their own.

Enter Ferdinando.

Cruel Gertruda; but more Cruel Love,
Thus to enflame my Soul, and yet not move
In her Desire; under this blest Shade I
Will sit and pray to be so too; to dye
Is a great Blessing to the Happiest Men;
What is it to the Miserable then? [Eyes down.]

Enter

Enter Gertrude.

Why did ye make us Subject unto Passion?
 Why did ye give us Tongues wherewith to speak?
 If we must Subject be to this strict fashion,
 Not to relate our Loves though our Hearts break?
 'Tis Man's Extortion, we may be as free
 In that as they, or wrong the Deity.
 For they made nothing but was for some use——
Otho loves me; *I* *Perdinando*; may
 Not I let him know it without abuse
 To Modesty? If not we're worse than Clay.
 I'll un-Lanthorn my Flame, no longer I
 Will hover in this strange uncertainty. [Exit.]

Ferdin. As when Men from some pleasant Dream awake
 With they might always sleep for that Dreams sake;
 And can't but fancy happiness a while
 (So does desire our willing Sence beguile)
 So 'tis with me: for rising from that Shade,
 Methinks I am a Constellation made.
 And with I might Eternally lye there,
 The Mellody of her Complaints to hear.
 I'll after her and give my Griefs a Grave. [Exit.]

Enter 2 Soldiers.

1. *Fredrick's* made Master of the Horse, we have
 A Boy to be our Colonel. 2 'Tis brave
 When Butterflies do give the Falcon Laws,
 And painted Peacocks clip the Eagles Claws:
 3. O 'Tis *Rodolphus's* Plot; There are two more,
 Right Sons of *Mars*, quite turned out of Door,
 And for it made Bed-chamber men. 2. By *Jove*,
 But that our General's brave, I'd scorn to move
 By such Men's Orders. [Exeunt.]

Eustace

Eustace. If there is Treason hatching, I think I
Should then stay here to cherish Loyalty ;
Or crush that Monstrous Egg ; but since you do
Command me, unto *Stenay* I must go :
For he who does dispute his King's Command,
No Subject is, but the Crown's Countermand, [*Exit Duke.*
I cannot fathom't ; Treason's budding, yet
The Armies Head must be lop'd off ; Is't fit
I should be busied 'bout a little Fort,
And leave all else Confus'd ? —
There's something more in it ; — But since I'm free
From the least stain, it cannot injure me. [*Exit.*

Enter Rodolphus, Thierrie, and two new made Captains.

You are but young, and must not be asham'd of
Directions, (*Thier*) Your Commands to me are
Lovely, and like a Loadstone draw me
By their Motion ; all my Actions shall point
Directly at your will. *Rodolph.* And that's your Honour ;
You too, Captains, must make me still your Rule,
Consult me always : For you must know those
Men whose Places you inherit are not
Well satisf'd, and are studying your
Ruine with eagerness ; and though they smile,
They'r cruel Traps, varnish'd but to beguile —
VWith greater ease, uncloset not your Souls
To all, they'll quickly be unrivetted,
From your Bodies if ye do (*Capt.*) We'll observe
Your Instructions to a Tittle.

Rodolph. These are dull Fools, and may be drawn aside
Unto all Villanies, when I'm their Guide ;
Fight with Devotion 'gainst their Prince, 'cause they
Believe they can't err when I lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke solus What then ?
That does not prove him Traitor, the best Men

Are most abus'd ; Fame's False, Suspicion's grudge,
 And Jealousie is an unequal Judge ;
Rodolphus may forge it : In this Age, all
 Think 'tis Religion to supplant ; the fall
 Of Princes Favourites Nature Contrives ;
 She Envy roots, as soon as Heaven breaths Lives. —
 Yet let him plow the Deep, and fetch from thence
 Legions of Devil's to delude my Sence ;
 Scale great *Jove's* Fabrick, seduce Angels there
 To come and own his Accusations here :
 They'd make me fear 'twas true, yet never move
 My Heart 'gainst Justice t' extirpate my Love ;
 I'd hear him speak, not damn, 'cause I distrust ;
 Kings are not Men till they can be unjust.

[Exit.

Enter Eustace, Ferdinando, Philippo, Albert.

Eust. I've left a Letter with *Leopaldus*. (*Ferdina.*) Go
 Fetch it, I'll inclos't in mine. *Exit. Phil.* Sir, may I know
 How soon you will return. *Eust.* In Ten days ; See
 You are not idle in your Courtship ; shee
 Seems better humour'd now ; and when he's come
 She'll melt ; Courtship at distance is but dumb :
 Fear not her frowns, pursue your Amorous Sence,
 Be bold, it is a pleasing violence ;

Ferdin. I cant wait on you ; 'tis much 'gainst my will,

Eust. Duty takes place of Ceremony still.

Enter Lodovick, Arnulph, VVelpho.

Eust. This is great kindness, Sirs. (*Welph.*) Men are bereft
 Of Comfort, when they are in darkness left.

Arnul. Fancy paints Death. (*Lodo.*) No marvel if we run
 To take our leaves of our departing Sun.

Ferd. The Sun sets but to rise. (*Welph.*) Thought we not so,
 You'd see us all depart before you go.

F

Arnulph. Go!—

A Fatal Mistake,

Arnul. Go! — that word's Hell. (*Lodo.*) Let us wait on you Sir.

Welph. The Soul gone, the Trunk's so benum'd can't stir.

Eust. I'm wrack'd to leave you ; but it must be, when
I come our Friendship will be new again.

Arnulph. In Grief and Discontent we'll make our Urn,
There will we buried be till you return. [*Exeunt.*]

Albert. When Earth's not Earth, Sea Sea, till then't must be
That great Men shall be gull'd with Flattery. *Exit.*

Enter Frederick.

Can he
Distrust my Conduct ? or my Loyalty ?
Though I'm Master of the Horse, I might have been
A Colonel too ; Plurality's no Sin ;
Or Venial at most, 't might be forgiven,
Since 'tis their Tract who point the way to Heaven.—
Dos he think I'm no Soldier ; no, his Eyes
Has dazled been to see the Prodigies,
This Hand has hew'd out for his safety.—yet,——
Kings are not Gods because they can forget.

Enter Eustace, Albert booted.

Booted my Lord ! *Eust.* Yes *Fredrick* I must go.

Ferdi. Give me leave to wait on your Lordship. *Eust.* No,
You must stay here. *Fred.* You do but take the Air
I do presume ; your Lordship rides not far.

Eust. But unto *Stenay*. *Fred.* Unto *Stenay* ! you !
Can you be spar'd ! (*Eust.*) I know not ; but 'tis true——
Why dost thou muse. *Fred.* My Lord I like it not ;
There is some juggling in't, some dirty Plot
Upon my Life ; you're sent away, and my
Commission's feis'd, by—— I know not why.
Ulric and *Bruno* are uncaptain'd : they
Who've done this have an after Game to play ;

Godfrey's

Godfrey's Son's made Colonel ; Is't a time,
When we should be at top to learn to climb ?
He's but Seventeen, scarce knows to draw a Sword ;
He is not taught to speak should give the Word.

Then there are two more, in the room of those
I nam'd, would tremble at the name of Foes ;
I grieve to think my Country shall be lost,
Conducted by those have been on the Post —
Traitor *Rodolphus*, he is soaring still,

A Raven, though's Wings are imp'd with Doves Quill.

Eust. I've weigh'd these things to *Fredrick*, and can't guess
Rodolphus false to me (*Fred.*) I, nothing less.

Eust. 'Twas I rais'd him ; can he be so deprav'd,
To destroy that by whom himself is sav'd ?

Fred. Ill Men are Enemies to Goodness ; they
Delight to see them ragged made them gay :

You are too good to think all Just. *Eust.* I see
Thou'rt Captive still to dreaming Jealousie.

'Tis the Dukes Love, says he, you I can trust,
I know not that *Rodolphus* will be just.

Fred. Well, Heaven avert what my Dream's do foresee ;
To trust all's the High-way to beggary.

Eust. Though I beleiv't, I'll not his Mood foment,
'Tis Treason to encourage Discontent — *Aside.* [Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Duke and Leopaldus.

Duke. NOT gone last Night ! and in her Chamber too
Till Three this Morning ! O Gods ! What to do ?

Leop. Could I, 'twere Sin to tell, — Good Deeds love light,
But theirs were masqued with the Clouds of Night.

Duke. Thou speak'st as though she were false to my Bed,
By all the Gods or prove't, or, Dog, thou'rt dead.

Leop. Prove it ! who can ? But is not a Nights stay
Alone with her enough ? (*Duk.*) Screech-Owl away —
Yet stay and tell me more, or I'll advance
Thy Head on yonder Tower. (*Leop.*) Circumstance
Is all the Proof in such a Case ; we may
Conclude the Sun's not far at break of day.

How careful is she for *Eustace* his good ?
She draws Life from his Breath. *Duke.* Nearness in Blood
Allows that kindness. (*Leop.*) But, Great Sir, no kin
Can check the Passions of unruly Sin.

How uncontrollable is pamper'd Lust !
It makes the very worst of Deeds most Just,
To gratifie its Sence : *Nero's* Mother
Could not divert his Flames ; nought can smother
Those Hellish Fires : They who make Lust their God
Justice despise ; condemn th' Avenger's Rod ;
Such a one's *Eustace* and the Dutchess too. —

These Jewels were not sent to him by you.

[*He shows him the Jewels the
Dutchess gave him.*]

No, these are Trophies of his Antes desire,
The Sparks declare her base incestuous Fire.

Pardon,

Pardon, Great Sir, this boldness; on my Knee
I beg; 'twas forc'd by Zeal; Truth should be free.

[*The Duke seems troubl'd.*]

Duke. These are great Circumstances, Sir; yet more
Must be found out to prove a Queen a Whore.
And shall by thee, or thou a Traitor prove;
Shall Subjects undermine their Sovereigns Love?

Guard Enter. Carry him to the Tower during our Pleasure.

Leop. Aside. I've built my self a Castle. *Exeunt. Guards with*

Leop. Duke. This Treasure
Sent by my Wife to *Eustace*, and his stay
All night affrights me. Heavens! What can she say
To justify this Action? it appears
Odious to me yet. *Enter Dutchess sola, weeping.*

Duke. What all in Tears!

Why is your Grace to day so sadly drest?

Dutch. With what Convulsions are their Souls oppress'd,
Who are forc'd to accuse those they love best!

That Cause is mine.

Next unto You, my poor abused Love
Unto your Brother *Eustace* still did move,
Because I thought him (pardon't Gods above)
More than Divine.

But how does he reward my Love! (Curs'd Fate!
Heavens! Why was I made thus unfortunate!)
He Courted me, — he Courted — (base ingrate)
How shall I speak?

He Courted me; would you believ't? to lye
With him last night; (unheard of Infamy)
Eustace, where is now thy Divinity?

Deceiv'd Heart break;

When I repuls'd him, he reply'd, what then
Did those Jewels you sent me mean? we Men
Know Ladies Presents give for Love again;
Come, come, your Eyes.

A Fatal Mistake,

Say you meant so — When by your Soul I sent
Them to be match'd and polish'd, my intent,
By Heaven, was altogether Innocent.

Duke. ————— By *Jove* he dyes:
For he that would defile his Sovereigns Wife;
Waits but a fit time to ensnare his Life.

Dutch. Pardon his Life; he may repent in time,
When Age comes on our Thoughts are more sublime.

Enter Rodolphus, gives the Duke a Letter.

Duke reads,] *Eustace, To the Renowned Otho.*

How can the Ship sail without a Pilot?
In what disorder will an Army be
Without a General? Come then your self,
And head your own Party if you mean to
Prosper; for I do not find it easie
To gain Compliance, you being absent.
Dispose therefore of your Affairs into
Trusty Hands, and make hast hither, where you
Shall find all things prepar'd according to
Your desires; but leave none of your Courage
Behind you, for we are to deal with
Resolute and Politick Enemies. Howere
I'll not distrust, for I am Confident
They'll vanish, when you appear to
Countenance the Endeavours of your — *Eustace.*

Duke. Ingrateful *Eustace*, couldst thou serve me so!
But I'll reward thee; Let's to Council go. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Phillippo and Ferdinando.

The Packquet was gone before I came.

Ferd. Gods! What will *Otho* think when he receives
An Invitation from *Eustace* to come hither. ———
But it can't be help'd.

Enter

Enter to him Fredrick, and Three Officers of the Army.

1. *Sold.* ——— *Godfrey made Treasurer!*

Fred. 'Tis too true, and *Rodolphus* General.

1. Was *Enface* rais'd so high, to make his fall
The greater? 2. What! And shall we Soldiers see
Brave *Enface* suffer this Indignity
Without Revenge? 3. No, By great *Mars* I'll take
My Troop, and face the very Pallace Gate;
And there dispute his Right with my last Breath,
Who dyes for him finds Honour in his Death.
Shan't we share Fortunes Captain? 1. Yes. *Ferd.* What! now!
Let *Enface* come first; till then smoothe your Brow,
Make all your Discontents march in the dark,
Fetter your Tongues, the fiercest Dogs don't bark.

Sold. omnes. We shall obey your Orders till he come.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Fred. We'll write this night to bid him make haste home.

Exeunt.

Enter Lodovick, Arnulph, Welpho.

Lod. A silly shallow Lad; could better tell
To lead a Dance, than be a Colonel,
Yet Ap'd General. (*Arn.*) I, though the spruise
Young Gallant, would grow quickly out of use?
A thing made up of Words, a Courtier, fit
To Fire the Ladies with a flash of Wit.
His Tongue was very fleet off o' th' Score;

Welp. Ay, it has run its Master out of Door.
He thought twas fine to hear the Ladies laugh
At his pump'd Wit; when, alas! do but waff
A Straw about your Head, and they will giggle;
Their Blood is so refin'd does always tickle.

Lad. Besides, good Manners make them keep the Mode,
They laugh, are pleas'd with all, be't bad or good;

Arnulph. And:

A Fatal Mistake,

Arnulph. And Policy sometimes does make them smile,
 Thereby they do the Gallants much beguile;
 Who think they understand what they do not:
 'Tis a deceitful pretty Female Plot.
 Yet this pleas'd him (*Lod.*) Indeed all his Designs
 Were womanish; (*Welph.*) How Honour multiplies
 Merit! he is naturally as dull
 And empty as the meanest; yet his Name,
 Boy'd up by the Duke's smiles gave wings to Fame.

Enter Rodulphus, &c.

Arnulph. My Lord, we heartily Congratulate
 Your New-born Honours; may they dispise Fate.

Lodovick. VVhen Time has snow'd your Head with Silver
 Plumes,
 Soaring leave them, and greater reassume.

Rodulph. I thank ye Sirs; ye're kind my Friend, ye're kind?
Aside.] These Weathercocks do turn with every Wind.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Clementia sola.

How do my Fears congeal my Hopes? I freeze
 In Winters of Dispair; and by degrees
 My Heart blood turns to Iſikles; O may
 These Clouds juſt Powers end in a Sunſhine day. —
 Yet theſe Death whiſpers force me to diſtruſt
 I ne're ſhall *Euface* ſee—— Then Heaven's unjuſt. [*Exit.*

Enter Duke and Rodulphus.

Rodulph. Should he come to a legal Tryal, he
 Would let the VVorld (by me yet blinded) ſee,
 How Innocent he is? how great our Guilt?
 Then all our Labours and our Hopes are ſpilt.

[Aside

No, I'll divert that Stream.

Indeed 'tis just

You take away his Life ; but then you must

Regard your Honour ; he is of your Blood :

Oh that so great a Prince should not be good !

Yet let not his prodigious Treasons blot

The divine Veins of *Lorein's* Crown ; let not

The World say Treason from th' Stem Royal came ;

(Not that his Vice can vitiate your Name)

Yet 'cause he is your Father's Son,

Salve his bright Fame, and take his Life alone ;

So shall you prune the Vine, not hurt the Root.

Duke. I like your Counsel : but how shall I do't ?

Rod. This Friend of mine I'll send to *Stenay*, he

Shall strike him with a deadly Lethargy ;

A Pill neatly convey'd into his Wine,

Sends him to sup with Death, with *Pluto* dine :

And though it works so suddenly, none shall

Surmise his Death was preternatural.

Thus by anticipating, Sir, his Fate

You'll undermine the Ground-work of his Hate.

Duke. See it be done without delay. [Exit.] *Ro.* I will ;

You need not hasten murderous mind to kill.

[Aside.

Gosbert take Post, and in thy Act prove true :

I have Commission now for what I do.

[Exit *Gosbert*.

I see the Port : For when *Eustace* is dead,

The Crown shall be too heavy for thy Head :

'Twill make it ake, blind Duke : Thou gone, strait I

Rise circumvest with Beams of Majesty.

But first I will revenge *Clementia's* Scorn ;

Her Husband shall suspect he wears my Horn.

Then let him act the Tragedy ; I'll feed

My hatred with delight to see her bleed.

[Exit.

A Fatal Mistake,

Enter Eustace, Albert, Bricklayer, and his Wife.

Eust. Your Advice, old man, about this Fort.

Brick. Why, an't please your Honours Goodness; your sweet Worships Wisdom has thought it accessary To direct it on the South-west part — *Eust.* Yes, That is the most advantageous place.

But concerning the pulling down of Houses.

Brick. Why an't please your Lordships Excellency —

Eust. Dispatch, Friend, and leave your Ceremonies.

Brick. Money? why an't please your Graceless Goodness, I shan't be so ill bred, d'ee-fee, to ask

Tour Worship for Money, d'ee mark mark me Sir,

Till the work be deform'd. (*Alb.*) Prithee Fellow

Leave thy Deformities, and give my Lord

A more handsome account. (*Brick.*) I thank God I

An't so beggarly, d'ee mark, but I can

Stay for my Wages till I have preserv'd

It, d'ee mark; I'm a deficient man,

Church-warden of the whole Parish, d'ee mark,

An't please you. (*Wife.*) Ay an't please your Mightiness,

My Husband is a mighty deficient

Able man, as I conceive. (*Eust.*) I believ't,

Woman, because you have conceiv'd. But friend

Answer me, what Houses must be pull'd down? (*very*

Brick. Why an't please your Highness Worship. (*Alb.*) A

Pleasant fellow, my Lord, ha, ha. — (*Brick.*) One Toll-rhief,

He is a Miller and my near Kinsman,

My Father's Grand-father (who was a Smith),

Was he not *Julian*?

Eust. Prithee prate no more.

Enter Post with Letters.

Eust. I'll read my dear *Clementia's* first.
What pretty Plot she feigns to bring me home.

[*Kisses it.*

But

But what says *Fredrick*, he brings no such News.

Reads.—Ha! What's this! O Gods! O damn'd abuse!

Fredrick's Mad—How does your Master you?

Post. I left him well. (*Eust.*)—Is it his Hand?—too true—
—He do's but jest, *Ferdinando* will clear the Doubt.

Reads.—Gods! did ye sleep when this was brought about!
Or have ye forgot Justice, and will take
Vengeance on good Men for the wicked's sake?—

It is resolv'd.

And were I by th' Infernal Host withstood,
I'd vindicate my Honour with their Blood;
Get Post-horses immediately.

[*Exit Post.*

I'll come as swift as Lightning to their Eyes;

Vengeance exact is when it does surpise. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Rodolphus, Dutchess.

I'm rais'd 'tis true, but yet your Subject; dare
Not step into your Bed; 'tis fitter far,
For Gods to taste that ravishing delight;
Your luster would not cherish, but afright
Such weak ey'd mortals as your Servant; were
I a Duke made, I might be lodg'd there,
Perhaps with Confidence; till then I can
Do you no good. 'Tis Spirit makes the Man.

But your Divinity does check desire,
Not warm my Blood. I tremble at your Fire.
When Lust enjoys its object, it does cool.

Who trusts a Womans Gratitude's a Fool. *Aside.* [*Exit.*

Dutch. To kill the Duke is barbarous; 'tis too black

A Deed yet for my Soul to undertake—

—But if *Rodolphus* thirsty Passion move,
More on Ambitions Wings than those of Love,
He ne'er will yield to gratifie my Sence,
Until my squeasie Conscience can dispence
With this religious Scruple.—Were he not
My Husband, pittty should be soon forgot;

And I would make him Fuel for my Flame—

—— Why that were Murther ; and this but the same. ——

—— 'Tis done. Who fears to strike her Husband's Life,
Does not deserve to be *Rodolphus's* Wife. [Exit.

Enter Gosbert, Eustace his Landlord, Wife and Son.

Gosb. — Gone last night— If he had staid till day
I'm sure he had been gone. But I'll away. [Exit.

Landlord. The Man's mad, if he had staid he had gone ;
How can that be ? Is go and stay all one !
What say you Boy ? you are a Schollar.

Son. Now if I don't unfold this Fellows Riddle,
Which none but himself and the Devil
Can do, my Father will swear my School-money
Is thrown away (which he may very safely)
But I thank God he has not much wit (though he
Is Mr. Mayor ;) I shall fool him well enough. — [Aside.
Sir, the Gentleman's a Schollar, speaks figuratively :
The Common Discourse of us Learned is Enigma's
To the Populace ; But I'll unfold it to you.
Gone is spelt g. o. n. e. (for we may add a Letter sometimes.)
Now *nè*, in *Latin*, is not, which being joyn'd with go signifies
Not to go, so go and stay is all one.

Wife. You see the Benefit of breeding our Son a Schollar now.

Husband. I do, I do Love, I do. [Exeunt.

Enter Ferdinando and Gertrudo.

Gertru. Can you hope to enjoy what I've deny'd
Brave *Orho* ? Is it Folly or your Pride
That does entice you thus to Vanity ?

Ferd. No it is Love, and for that Love I dye ;
Madam ; when I my Passion did declare,
'Twas not in hope you'd ease it, no, Dispair

Possest

Possess my too-aspiring Soul ; I knew
Death was prepar'd for him who dares love you.
My design was only to let you know,
That I unto my Grave your Martyr go,
That passing by my Tomb pitty might move
You to a Sigh or Tear for buried Love.

Gertrud. I cannot help Men's Follies, if they will
Destroy themselves, it is not I who kill ;
And if I should on your Grave shed a Tear,
'Tis not cause Love, but madness brought you there :
I'd have you live then, let it not be said,
Ferdinando was born, liv'd a Fool, and dy'd mad.

Ferd. — I'd have you Live. — 'Tis kindness that — But she
Would have me live, yet not live happily.
But why do I distrust ? did I not hear
Her say she lov'd ? how childish is my fear —

[*Aside.*

Then, Madam, must I dye ? What ! no Reprieve,
Let Smiles disperse those Frowns, and yet say live ;
Was you made Beautiful to be unkind ?
Then Beauty is but Cruelty refin'd ;
But sure you are all Glorious within :
Heaven's greatest Glory is to pardon Sin ;
Then since you are Divine 'twill be yours too.
If you destroy me, can it profit you ?
How can I sing your Praises in my Grave ?
What Honour is't to triumph o'er your Slave ? —

— But why do I expostulate ? 'tis just,
Your Anger burn presumptuous Love to Dust.
Over my Grave a weeping Stone shall lye
(How will those Tears upbraid your Cruelty !)
With this Inscription ; Here *Ferdinando* lyes,
Martyr'd by Cruel fair *Gertrud's* Eyes ;
Love was his Crime. O let it not be said,
Those Beams kill'd, which have Power to raise the Dead.
What though you have *Otho* deny'd,
It neither argues Vanity nor Pride

In me to court; common consent does prove,
 We can no Reason give for Love but Love;
 King's have to Beggars stoop'd, and great Queens Flames
 Have kindled been by Grooms. Love is the same.
 Yet *Otho* cannot boast one drop of Blood
 So great, but that in these Veins runs as good.

Gertrudo.— What Prodigies are Men in these our Times!
 They dare commit the very worst of Crimes;
 And that with greatest Confidence; nay more,
 They take delight to read their own Faults o'er;
 For fear they'd not be Registred by Fame,
 They write them down themselves, to 'em set their Name;
 Cause they're deprav'd, and can do nothing well;
 They strive to be famous for doing ill;
 Of that unhallowed Brood art thou, profane
 Abuser of Good, to Honour a Stain;
 And thinkst me of that Sect, else wouldst not dare
 To urge thy Passion with so little fear.
 Can I think he can tell how to be Just,
 VVho to his Friend so basely breaks his Trust?
 Can I hope thou wilt e'er be true to me,
 VVho's false to the Laws of Hospitality?
 My Brother lodg'd thee here to be an Actor
 For *Otho*, but thou'rt turn'd thine own Factor.
 Thinkst thou thy Flatteries can me intice?
 VVhy: to Love thee, is to be in Love with Vice— [Exit.

Ferd. Yes 'twas a Dream— Mad *Ferdinando* couldst not see
 Such Happiness was ne'er design'd for thee?
 Read thy Lives Story, in every Line thou'lt find
 Th' wert born but to shew Heaven can be unkind. [Exit.

Enter Leopaldus.

The Devil's sooner rais'd than laid; my thought
 Is still aspiring, though 'twas mock'd with nought. —
 —A Thousand Duckets a Reward for me,
 Who thought the world mine own? well Dutchess see
 Th' Event.

Th' Event ; the time will come when you may want
My Service, and your Treachery recant.

[Exit.

Enter Gertrudo.

How mad am I ! It is but Three days since
I would have courted him (such influence
Had Love on me) But now he sues I fly,
I who fear Death am th' only Cause I dye. —
— Fool that I was, so sharply to reprove
His Flames first Offerings. — Come take Vengeance, Love,
Study new Torments to afflict me, till
My Humour's Complaisant made to my VVill. —
— Curs'd bashfulness ! — But why would I believe
Her Dictates, she was made but to deceive
Our Sex of Pleasure, and her Blushings are
Not Types of Innocence, but Crimes infer.
Yet on this Text do all old Mothers preach ;
Shun Man, be coy. — These against Nature teach ;
For when they've had all the Pleasure they can,
They say fly that deceitful Creature man ;
It is Apocrypha, no Divine Truth,
Hatch'd but to blast the Pleasures of our Youth. [Exit.

*Enter Frederick, as going home late, Rodolphus feigns to come
out of his House buttning his Dubler, and seems to endeavour
that he should not see him.* [Exit.

Fred. Rodolphus here so late ! how do my Fears
Prompt me to think my Horns out vie my Ears. —
— I'll fitt my VVife ; if she trips in the least,
I'll Cook her defil'd Limbs for the VVorms Feast. [Exit.

Actus

Enter Fredrick and Clementia in his Garden.

Enter

Enter Eustace and Albert booted, as return'd.

Fred. Heavens ! (*Eust.*) What means your fright ? how is
(*Clementia* ? well ?

Speaks not my Friend ? how does *Clementia* ? (*Fred.*) We—ll

Eust. You're strangely discompos'd ; pray let me know
The Cause ; I hope you count me not your Foe.

Fred. Re-volving all your Wrongs, Angers just Flame
Kindled my Thoughts into Revenge. You came

And rais'd my Joys unto extreams, (for who
Can escape Raptures when he does see you ?)

These Two contrary Passions meeting, strove,
And Anger would have overcome my Love.

And I, not able to endure their Heat,
Lost my Senses in a shivering Sweat.

This was the Cause, Sir, of my Extasie.

Eust. I'm glad my fright
Is past. At first I thought eternal Night

Had sabled-o're *Clementia's* Beams. (*Fred.*) No, she
Is gone to Church to pray for you and me.

Eust. She's good ; her early Soul seeks Heaven betime ;
'Tis a steep way, who thinks to reach't must climb.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke and Rodolpho.

Rod. The other Regiment of Foot shall march to morrow :
And on *Thursday* the Horse : I never saw men more
Chearful, nor march with a greater Resolution, indeed
Confidence. *Duke.* 'Tis a good Omen. But what of

Eustace ; no murmuring I hope. (*Rod.*) Not a whisper.

Duke. They'll forget him. (*Rod.*) I wish they may ; but now
He's return'd, I advise your Grace to secure him :
He may beget Mischief. (*Duke.*) Let's in and consult.

[*Exeunt.*

A Fatal Mistake,

Enter Eustace, Albert.

Eust. Not come to Court, that's (worse than all the rest :
 Condemn'd unheard? how happy then! how blest
 Is Treason and all Traitors, if they can
 So easily puff down the Loyal Man! [*Enter Welpho.*
 Here comes my Friend. How does the Duke? what News,
Welpho? (*Welp.*) I'm busie, Sir, pray excuse
 Me, I can't answer all such Trifles. [*Exit. (Eust.)* How
 'Tis he sure. (*Alb.*) Yes, but you're not General now.

Eust. Oh my Friend *Arnulph!* (*Arn.*) Good Sir, don't trou-
 ble me,
 I'm in great haste, [*Exit. (Eust.)* This is the highest degree
 Of sin! base Raskals.

[*Enter Lodovick with another,*
busily discoursing.
 Here comes one I'm sure

Is honest. (*Alb.*) 'Tis unsafe to be secure.
 How do's *Lodovick,* (*Lod.*) Good Sir, what d'ee mean
 It is uncivil thus to intervene;
 You see we are in discourse. [*Exeunt. (Eust.)* But that
 (they are

Below my Passion, or my nextest Care,
 I'd kick them into Atoms: But here's one [*Enter Rodolphus:*
 Will reconcile me; his Soul is too high-flown
 To stoop to that vile thing, Ingratitude. [*Aside.*
 My Friend, what news? how do's the Duke: (*Rod.*) You're rude,
 'Tis not fit Traitors should Court Secrets know.

[*Kicks him.*] *Eust.* How— Tell the Duke I kick'd you,
 (*Sirrah, go.*) [*Exit.*

Rod. Curs'd Cows have but short Horns, thy Glass is run,
 For thou shalt set before to morrow's Sun. [*Exit.*

Alb. What Flies are these? they play in the Sun-shine
 Of Great Men's Fortunes; but the Frost decline.—

Now

Now to be Great is a great Infamy,
Birth is become a Cloak to Villany.
He that for gain do's scorn to sell his Love,
And in misfortunes bitter North-winds proves
As constant as the Loadstone's to that Pole ;
He is the truly gallant noble Soul. [Exit.

Enter Ferdinando.

It can't be worse, I am now desperate ;
Boldness perhaps may contradict my Fate ;
Fortune is Valours Friend. I'm sure to have,
If not her Love, the kindness of a Grave. [Enter Gertrudo.
Now will I know my Happiness or Doom.
Those who are plung'd in Misery do find
Pity from all ; there is a secret kind
Of Sympathy in Man to Wretches : none
Did e'er weep on the Gallows yet alone ;
As many wait on him as on the Throne ;
All striving to excuse the Fact ; thus he
That's legally condemn'd, by them's set free,
And has as many Plaudits as the Chair
Of Justice Curses which did bring him there. —
Blest Criminal : Lovers are wrack'd with care,
Pity'd by none, all laugh at their despair.
Yet as some Murderers have escap'd a while,
(The Devil lulls the hopes but to beguile
With greater Hell) and been condemn'd for what
They thought not of, (much less committed not.)
So 'tis with me : Love's Treason ; but you wave
That, and condemn me for a perjur'd Slave ;
For being false to *Orho* : O Heaven !
Your Justice equal is, the Cause uneven.
I do *Gertrudo* love ; 'tis just I die :
Is it not just too that the World knows why ?
Can ye not punish sin without a Lye ?

To be *Gertrudo's* Martyr, is to go
 To Heaven clad with more Glories than ye know;
 But to dye branded with such Crimes as these,
 How could ye think my injur'd Soul t' appease?
 For if from thence I should chance to look down,
 And smell that Name stink which was once my own;
 Gods! I should be transported with that Flame,
 I'd leave ye to descend and own my Name;
 For let me be Hell's Mark, if I don't prove,
 I have not injur'd Honour by my Love.

Gertrud. If that were clear, though I will not profess
 To love you more yet, I will hate you less.

Ferd. 'Tis all I beg, to mitigate your Hate,
 Who thinks to gain your Love must Bankrupt Fate.
 Then see *Otho's* Surrender, Madam, see, [*Gives her a Letter* :
 Has he not given you away to me? (*he reads.*)

Gertrud. H' has quitted me, my Brother cannot now
 Praise his own Choice, nor can he disallow
 With Justice mine; neither with Justice can
 I deny him who is so brave a Man;
 For since he has his Honour justifi'd,
 I wrong my Love should his suit be deny'd;
 Yet Modesty would mince it, and I fear
 To speak as much as he's afraid to hear.— [*Aside.*
 My hatred's vanish'd, and we are now Friends.— [*Exit.*

Ferd. Love will begin I hope where Hatred ends.

Enter Eustace, as overhearing their Discourse.

Eust. Heavens! how deform'd his Vice! methinks his Face
 Is monstrous, he's of some prodigious Race;
 Sure *Pluto* with a *Succubus* did joyn,
 Get him, ill Nature with ill Shape did twine;
 On purpose that he might of all be known
 To be his eldest, nay his only Son.
 Yet how, dull Fool, did Friendship blind my Eyes:
 How easily can Hell its shapes disguise?

[*Aside.*
Ferd. What

Ferd. What means your melancholy Friend? *Eust.* Dar'st call Me Friend? Thy Friendships Diabolical.

[They draw and pass at one another, Eustace's Sword falls out of his Hand, Ferdinando takes it up and restores it.]

I see thou hast not lost thine Honour yet.

Ferd. I may my Life, but that I'll never quit.

Eust. How dar'st thou then my Sister Court, and prove False to *Otho*. (*Ferd.*) Can any resist Love?

Eust. That's no Excuse; none must 'gainst Honour Sin, You might have lov'd her, and not injur'd him; Silenc'd your Flames, sown your Tears in the Sands.

Ferd. Honour too weak is when Love Countermands.

Eust. Love's but an humorous Itch, Honour's Divine;

Ferd. The Gods Love is so too: and so is mine.

Eust. They break not Friendships Vows to purchase Love, Thine is but Perfidy disguis'd in Love.

Ferd. Where Love does Rule, all must obey his Laws, Or Traitors be, blame not th' Effect but Cause.

Eust. He who does Sin, himself's the very Cause, And must be punish'd for't by Human Laws, And by Divine; the Devil does entice, But he must pay for't who commits the Vice: 'Tis thou hast Honour broke, and Friendship too, If Love did cause it, I'll kill the Cause in you. *[Offers at him.]*

Ferd. Hold— one word more— How rash is Jealousie, Unjust and Barbarous!

Eust. To save their Lives what will not Cowards say, Did I not hear thy Perfidy? away Impostor, thou hast Honour slain, I come To Sacrifice thee on her mournful Tomb. *[Offers at him.]*

Enter Officer and a Guard.

Pardon, Sir, this rude Office; I protest I do the Dukes Commands with great regret:

'Tis

'Tis his Pleasure that you and that Noble
 Stranger be secur'd. *Ferd.* How saucy Rascal,
 Let's turn our Points, Sir, and these Sheep will fly.
Enst. Hold, 'tis my Sovereign's Will, we must obey.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Duke and Dutchess.

Duke. He has writ to be heard, I can't deny
 That Justice, 'tis the greatest Tyranny.

Dutch. No, Sir, 'tis Mercy; if he Pleads he'll prove
 Himself a Traitor; is it not then Love?
 Not only to forgive, but to conceal
 Faults. (*Duke.*) The vulgar will say h' has none; to reveal
 Thus my Kindness to him will hate create
 In them to me, they'll say I've edg'd his Fate.

Dutch. Is't fit that Kings should fear their Subjects Frown?
 The pamper'd Jade tumbles his Rider down.
 Will you, to gratifie the Vulgar, throw
 The World your own Blood is Corrupted? No,
 Let them surmize; Kings should move in a Sphere
 Will blind those Subjects Eyes dare come too near.

Duke. Were he our Son, and should a Traitor prove,
 Justice should quite blot out Paternal Love.
 On *Thursday* we will hear him. *Exit.* (*Dutch.*) No, no, I
 Will that prevent; to morrow he shall dye. [*Exit.*]

Enter Eustace, solus in Prison.

Where art thou gone, my dear *Clementia*, where?
 Hast thou so soon forgot thy *Eustace* here?
 Art thou in Prison? thence wing a Sigh, send
 It to thy now twice fetter'd Friend:
 I'll Echo all thy Sighs, and Pearl thy Tears,
 Poize thou thy Griefs, I'll Counterpoize my Cares;
 And see which does o'er-balance; Can there be
 A difference 'twixt thine and my Misery?

Art

Art thou dead my *Clementia*? Then am I —
Hence Sacrilegious Thoughts, she cannot dye,
She's only slipp't int' Immortality.
Yet thence descend, and tell what Transports were
In Heaven amongst the Gods when thou cam'st there;
Tell how the ravish'd Angel Quire did sing,
When thou appear'd'st to Glorifie their King.

Enter Ghost. — Ha! pale and wet! my dear *Clementia*? how!

Exit Ghost. How wert thou thus abus'd! Come, tell me now.
What gone! didst come but to delude my Sence?

To shew me Heaven, then leave me in suspence.

He kneels. If it will not defile thine Eyes and Ear,
To see thy Slave, and his Petitions hear,
Look down; and tell what Miscreant snatch'd thee hence,
That I may Vengeance take for his Offence.
Let me Revenge, I say, trust not to Jove,
He'll gratifie that Traitor with his Love.
For had not the Villain don't, thou hadst been here,
And he still languishing till thou cam'st there:
Let me revenge, *Clementia*, I will try
To find out Tortures beyond Cruelty. *[Exit]*

Enter Dutchess and Leopaldus.

Dutch. I know you silently do murmur that
Your Services have been neglected: what
Yo've lost by Time, I pay with Interest now:
I did delay't on purpose, but to know
Your Temper, to see how you'd bear't, but you
I find even to th' unjust can be true.

Leop. Where Duty binds, there no Rewards are due;
I'm largely gratifi'd in serving you,
Who serves his Prince only for Gain, serves Gain,
And not his Prince; Madam, the Loyal Vein
Holds not one drop which it does not impart,
With all obsequiousness to chear the Heart:

Kings are the Heart. We the Veins, must them feed,
If the Veins are Corrupt, 'tis fit they bleed.

Dutch. Your Principles are honest; but yet they
Should cherish those which do good Blood convey;
Go with this Letter to *Rodolphus*, he
Has Orders to Reward thy Loyalty. [Exit.

Enter Leopaldus at the other Door.

By your leave Dutchess; 'fore I farther go;
The Business, and my Reward both, I'll know. —

[Opens the Letter.

Perhaps it is to hang me, that I may
Not unvail her Clouded Deeds to the day.

He reads.] The Duke on *Thursday* will his Nephew hear,

How sooty we, how snowy he'll appear!

To morrow murder him; the next night I

Will give the Duke a Posset; he shall dye.

Then will our Loves mount by their fall, all hate

Cease. Let the Messenger have the same Fate.

Indeed! 'tis well — I'll do't — If it does hit,

They both shall dye, and I'll be Treasurer yet.

[Exit.

*Enter Eustace, Frederick, Ferdinando, and Three
Officers of the Army.*

1 My Regiment is yours (2) My Troop (3) I do
Acknowledge, Sir, no General but you.

1 The Army is all yours, except those few
Peacock plumb'd-upstart-Officers, whom you
Can frown to Dust. (3) Why will your Honour Cloud
Your self. (2) We'll cry for Justice, cry aloud;
Not with a Female Tone, but with a Voice,
Shall make *Rodolphus* tremble at the noise.

Fred. If you will give the word, we'll make the World
Look pale, it shall be to a Chaos hur'd;

And

And even then your Word can all revive,
And make it in due method, once more live.
Why will you be condemn'd? when with a Breath
Of Wrath, your rival may, nay, conquer Death.

Eust. O how exactly wicked's the World grown!
They'd court even Angels to Rebellion.

These Tempters I'll discard; Treason will find
Too many ways alone t' attack the Mind.

[Aside,

My Friends, I thank your Valour and your Love;
But yet I'll find a milder way to prove
My Honour was ne'er stain'd; who'd purchase Fame
With the sweet Treasure of a loyal Name?
Go home and check your Giant Thoughts. I will,
As I have always, think ye my Friends still.

[Exeunt Soldiers discontented]

Those are rough Men; I thought *Fredrick* had been
More honest or more wise, than to be seen

A Champion for Disloyalty; I fear

Your Smiles on me are Counterfeits, not clea;

For this I know (what'er he may pretend)

He who'd destroy his King, would kill his Friend.

Fred. *Eustace* is too severe; I did not mean

T' include the good Duke in this Bloody Scene;

My thirsty Passion at *Rodolphus* drove;

If, whilst my just Revenge with m' Anger strove,

I drop'd some Words might Treason Countenance,

Pardon't; Religion was lost in a Trance;

And whilst my Heart strove to be just, my Tongue

(Grief stifling Reason) did my just Thoughts wrong.

Yet hadst thou *Eustace* the same Cause, I think
'Twould force thy Well-built Loyalty to sink.

Hear then (my Grievs are keen, they'll pierce thy Heart;
Friends do in Joys or Woes bear equal part)

Summon Religion to endure this Blow,

Thou who hat'st Treason, wilt prove Traitor now.

Rodolphus my *Clemens* did abuse.

Eust. Ha! Death! (*Fred.*) I thought you'd startle at the News;

I

That

That Traitor told the Duke that she and you
Had exchange'd Hearts ; she all your Treasons knew.
And now she's lost, have I not cause to fear
That Dog has trapp'd her, and they'r wracking her ?

Enst. — Hence Coward-Loyalty : O Heaven, O Hell,
I you invoke ; Justice and Plagues pour down
On her Black Murtherers, on *Lorain's* Crown,
Or bless us, shew us here *Clementia's* well —

—— They'r dull : O Anger ! O Revenge ! O Spite !

(More Gods than they) blind with eternal night ;

That puppet Prince, that earthen God, who shews

No Symptom's of a King, but only those

The Prince of Torment's known by : tis fit he

Who is so like him should Hell's Vice-Roy be —

Call the Officers ; sound a Charge ; sound it home.

* O here they are ; thanks noble Friends, come, come,

*[*Being in a Frenzy he fancies the
Officers enter, when they do not.]*

Come follow me, follow your Leader, Boys,

Wee'll drown the Thunder with our Cannons noise,

[He is mad. They hold him.]

—— But he's my Prince ; — Love and Revenge must rest

Satisfy'd ; our Lives are in our Kings Breasts :

If they will be unjust, we must submit ;

Heaven sees, and that alone can punish it.

Then pardon, Loyalty, this Crime ; who can

Be silent now, is less, or more, than Man.

Rodolphus though by this Right hand shall die,

Though for that Act I lost Eternity.

Enter Leopaldus.

Leop. I know my Lord, you that think I have been

An Actor in this Tragedy of Sin.

But when great-bellied Time is brought a-bed,

Bald truth will take that Scandal off my head.

Enst.

Eust. O impudence ! (*Leop.*) If I can't be believ'd,
Let that. I hope you are now undeceiv'd.

[*He gives him the Letter the
Dutchess sent to Rodolphus.*

Eust. I never loath'd my Bonds till now ; were I
But at liberty to scourge that wretch *Rodolphus*,
I'd smile on Death.

Off. My Lord, you are at liberty : I to much hate
Rodolphus's Treachery, I'll wing his Fate :
Appoint your time, I'll wait on you and let
You forth the private way. *Eust.* Thanks good *Sebastian*.
But what's to be done. (*Leop.*) I will a Letter frame
(For I can counterfeit the *Dutchess's* Name)
Unto *Rodolphus* ; wherein he shall be
Commanded to wait on her at Seven this night
In the Garden, and bring *Godfrey* and *Thierrie*
With him ; there you may punish them all, they'll
Have only their walking Swords with them.
Thus will you vindicate your self, and prove
Them greatest Traitors who've profess'd most Love.

Eust. Yet let them bring their fighting Swords, I hate
To trepan even Traitors to their Fate :
We Three alone will meet them, there's no odds
But this, they fight against, we with the Gods.
The greatest sign of an heroick mind,
Is to die nobly when our death's design'd. [*Exeunt.*

Leop. Thus do I bring them all unto their Graves.
They who'd be great in this World must be Knaves. [*Exit.*

Enter Eustace and Albert.

Eust. Give it the Duke with your own Hands ; make hast.

[*Exit Albert.*

How Princes are abus'd ! how Truth's down-fac'd ! [*Exit.*

A Fatal Mistake,

Enter Rodolphus and Leopaldus.

Rod. Wee'll not fail to wait upon her Grace. *[Exit.*
 Ordain'd the Priest, shalt be, the Offering now. *[(Leop.) So thou, Exit.*

Enter Duke, bringing a Letter.

The Dutchess intends to poison you with a Poffet this night. Eustace. — Pish, pish, *[Exit.*

*Enter Eustace, Fredrick, Ferdinando at one Door ;
 Rodolphus, Godfrey, and Thierrie at another.*

Eust. Well met Rodolphus. (Rod.) Not so well I fear;
 What o'the Devil make these Fellows here — *[Aside.*
 Eust. Start not ; were Friends, there is the Dutchess hand.

[Throws him the Dutchess her Letter.]
 Do'st see me, Dog? Execute her Command. (look
 Canst thou read, Hell-bound? (Rod.) Yes. (Eust.) yet do not
 That thou shalt e'er be saved by the Book;
 'Tis past the Clergy's Power ; such Crimes as these — *[Draws.]*
 Heaven it self cannot pardon. (Fred.) To appease
 The injur'd Ghost of my Clementia ; see
 Her Fredrick comes to be towing'd on thee.

Eust. No, that's my Duty. (Rod.) Come bravely then,
 I'm pleas'd to see that others with me fall. *[They fight.]*

*[Eustace and Fredrick fight with Rodolphus and Godfrey, and
 Thierrie with Ferdinando. Fredrick falls, and Godfrey.]*

Fred. My Crimes out-balance his ; sin is a load
 Life heavy when Heaven Justice cries for Blood.

*[Ferdinando falls, and Thierrie comes
 to assist Rodolphus. Thierrie dies.]*

Eustace, thou canst not 'scape. — *Enter Leopaldus*
[Rodolphus falls.]

— Alive yet? *[Runs Eustace through : he falls.]*
Enter

Enter Albert.

Eust. Kill him some Friend. [*Albert and Leopaldus fight: Leopaldus falls.*]

Eust. Thanks honest *Albert.*

Alb. Death o' my Soul ! my Lord and Master dead !

Enter Duke, with a Guard.

Duke. All slain ! See *Eustace* how Heaven strikes Traitors. D'ee see that Hand ? (*Eust.*) 'Tis mine. (*Duke.*) There you invite *Orho* to invade me. (*Eust.*) He desir'd my Sister for a Wife ; and I, considering 'twould conclude a Peace, did incline to't, and writ him that Invitation ; it being against her Inclinations to marry one she had never seen. By my now expiring Soul 'tis true ; there's his Letter to me,

[*Throws him a Letter.*]

Godf. — How black's Ingratitude ! I loath my Deeds : Pardon't ; my Soul more than my Body Bleeds — [*Dyes.*]

Duke. You never courted the Dutchess to Vaniry ?

Eust. No, by all the Gods, that Letter will assure you.

[*Gives him the Dutchess's Letter sent to Rodolphus.*]

Enter Gertrudo.

Ger. All my Joys are consumptive. How pale they're grown ? Be not so lavish, every drop's my own. [*Kneels by Ferdinand.*]

Ferd. Such Cordials even with rough Hell can strive, Quite nonplus Fate, and make a dead man live.

Death is too weak when in thine Arms I twine ;

I grow Immortal by thus being thine.

If your Grace is not satisf'd, I can clear all your Doubts.

When *Conradine* knew *Gertrudo's* hatred to him was impregnable, he sent word to the Duke of *Sabauden*, that he was murder'd by your directions, knowing he should thereby create a War : then putting himself into a disguise, feigns a Letter from his Brother *Orho* to *Eustace* ; wherein he asks his

Sister

Sister for his Wife, upon Conditions of Peace, as you see, and names himself *Ferdinando*; who instead of courting her for *Orso*, courts for himself: If *Gertrudo* had still been obdurate to all my Stratagems, then the Duke of *Schawden* should have mediated for me; For I am that unfortunate (Inpos'd happy *Conradine*.)

[*Puts off his disguise.*

Gozelo, go to the Duke my Uncle, and relate this sad Story; tell him the last Whispers of my departing Soul, were, that he would not injure this good Prince by any Acts of Hostility: Since the Cause is taken away let the Effect cease. Farewel my *Gertrudo*. ———

[*Dies.*

Ger. Vvas any so tormented here on Earth;
My Life is dead, and thence my Grief takes birth,
To suffer pain after death's Hell, thus I
Am dead, and yet tormented I can't die.
What shall I ask, Great God's? what shall I crave?
O give me back my Life, or give a Grave.

Fred. Tell me, *Rodolphus*, did *Clementia* stain
My Bed with thee? speak truly; death speaks plain.

Rod. No, she was chaste. (*Fred.*) Finish thy Conquest death,
For fear I poyson the world with my Breath.
I slew *Clementia*, give me no reprieve,

*I would be the greatest torment now to live. ———

[*Dies.*

Eust. Live! who can! her death was all Mankind's Tomb;
Life dy'd with her. Blest Soul I come, I come, ———

[*Dies.*

Duke. How monstrous is *Libussa* grown! I see
VVith melting Eyes her gross deformity.
Ah cruel Aunt, but more hard-hearted VVife,
At once to strike his Honour and my Life.

Enter Dutcheß with a Bowl of Poyson in her Hand.

Libussa. Nay, do not rail before you know 'tis true;
I'm not so great a Churl, there's some for you.

[*She gives the Duke the Bowl.*

Rodolphus

Rodolphus come ; thus hand in hand we'll go
Either to Joys above, or Joys below :

No matter which ; in either we shall find
Eternal Joys when thus our Loves are twin'd.

VVhen all our Plots are cross'd here, every Breath
Is tedious, there's no Blessing left but Death. — [Dies.

Rod. I triumph now, Malice could wish no more,
For since they are dead, I die the Conqueror.
And though I could not the besieg'd Crown take,
Be this my Monument, I made it shake. — [Dies.

Duke. VVhat a Blow's here ! But why did Vengeance strike
The Good with th' Unjust ? must all fare alike ?

Is Justice blind ? and cannot Vengeance see ?

But shoots at this or that, at him or me ?

'Cause Heaven's alarm'd with Sins thundering call,
Do's that hurl Darts, and cares not where they fall ?

Must *Enface* die because *Rodolphus's* Fault

And *Libussa's* threatned Heaven with an Assault ?

Cowards to bring two Enemies to their ends.

VVould hazard more than twenty of their Friends.

Is Heaven turn'd dastard ? or were their Sins so great

They could not them without such loss defeat ?

'Twas none of these that made them snach thee hence,

But Love would not Delay thy Recompence.

Blest Soul ; when after Ages read thy Story,

The Eye of Faith will dazzle at its Glory.

[Exit

THE EPILOGUE.

Kind Gentlemen,

Applaud our Play, and take these Prayers among ye:
 May neither Wine nor Women ever wrong ye:
 When you get Wives, may they be Chaste and Fair!
 Or if they be not, may you think they are:
 In the mean time send ye handson Wenchies,
 And when with Comb in Hand you mount the Benches,
 May you rise up in such a Lady's Bye,
 As may applaud that active Gallantry:
 May you ne'er want the joys of Love and Wealth,
 Unspotted Honour, and unphysick'd Health.
 In spite o' th' Art, may you Drink Wine that's lusty:
 And when the want of Money makes you musty,
 May your kind Mistresses and Taylors trust ye.

FINIS.

Read - Thursday April 25th 1799.
 Q - very interesting stuff!